YANK

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By the men . . for the men in the service

A.A.F. FIGHTERS OVER FRANCE

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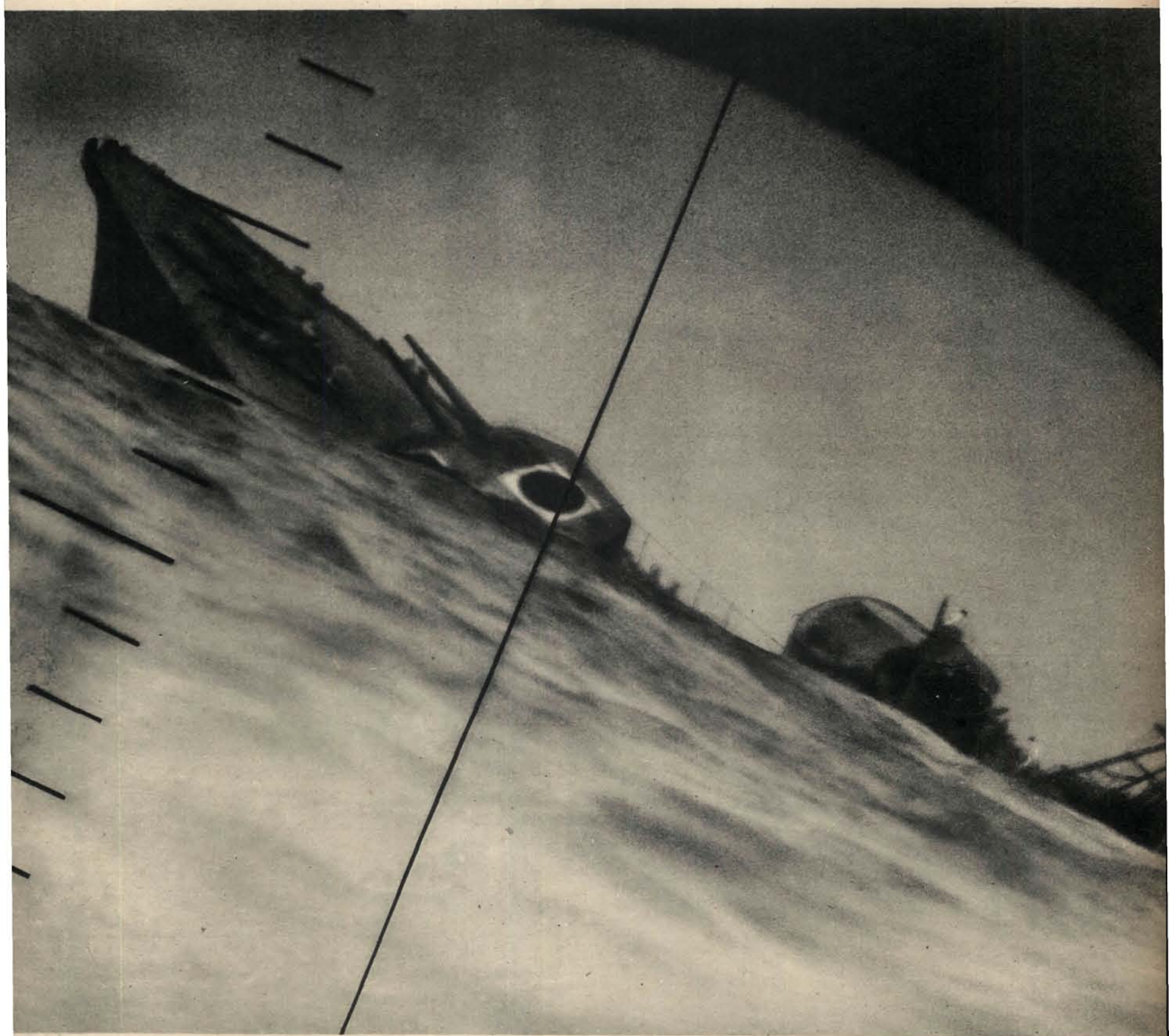

SLAPPED JAP *This remarkable photo was made through an American submarine's periscope as a Jap destroyer headed for the bottom after being hit by two torpedoes. Note the Rising Sun now sinking in center, and the two men in white scrambling over the conning tower at right. The marks running through the picture are etchings on the periscope.*

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Powwow about ballots. In New York, last week, fighting men of land and sea get the dope from members of the State Ballot Commission.

Two Well-Decorated Chickens All Set to Wring a Nazi Neck

Take two young chickens not yet dry behind the ears, aged 12 and 14, put them with the A.E.F. in 1918 on the fighting front, and what do you have?

You have two chickens named John Compton and Nat Tare, officially listed as 18 who are a couple of fighting fools and bring back two service citations, a Croix de Guerre, the Distinguished Service Cross and the Order of the Purple Heart.

When World War II comes some 25 years later, Compton and Tare don't have to lie about their age. They're old enough, they hope, to clean up what they started when they were 12 and 14.

John Compton, 38, is now a big fat M.P. sergeant at Camp Stoneman, California. 25 years ago when he stomach-crawled through the Belleau Woods to win a pair of service citations, he was the youngest kid in the A.E.F. Today, a model for a beer barrel, the sarge who trains M.P.'s out on the coast, says he enlisted in the service "to see some action and not some training cadres."

The same goes for little Nat Tare. A former A.E.F. bantamweight champion, Tare at 14 was awarded the Croix de Guerre for rescuing famed Father Duffy of New York's 69th.

Back in harness now at Ft. Dix, still a bantamweight of 40, Tare doesn't like to talk about his World War I feats. If you press him, he'll tell you "I was a little guy so they made me a runner. Figured it was easier for a little guy to find cover. Well, we're down in a hollow and a guy says Father Duffy is out there giving the last rites to his altar boy.

"I forgot the fellow's name. I look out there and I see Father Duffy go down. I went out after him and when I get to him, he's out cold. I pick him up and carry him back and half way back I have to switch shoulders. I didn't realize I was hit in the thigh and the leg until I get to the dressing station. It was the excitement. That's the reason I didn't feel them bullets. Father Duffy asked Colonel Donovan to give me the Croix de Guerre in the hospital. He gave it to me and never said a word, but he almost shook me hand off."

There is one certain method of getting both Compton and Tare sore as hell.

Tell them they're over age for combat duty.

Nazis Laid Wide Open To Snakes in the Grass

The Nazis have been overheard appealing to the people of Germany to go barefoot this Summer to save leather and textiles for the army, according to the BBC.

At any rate, all *God's* chillun got shoes.

Yanks Again Fight Japs Hand-to-Hand

UNITED NATIONS HEADQUARTERS, Australia—For the first time since Bataan, U. S. soldiers fight the Japs hand to hand.

Japanese forces, using the same jungle tactics that brought them success in Malaya, are trying to push across the 120 mile stretch of rugged wilderness between Gona, in northern Papua, and the Allied base at Port Moresby.

The Japs were first spotted on July 19 as they came off their transports. They advanced to within 55 miles of Port Moresby.

Then they ran up along a stone wall of Allied troops, all of whom have a hankering to help pay the score for Bataan.

The Japs fell back. When they get ready to move again, the stone wall will be waiting.

Tojo is trying to take Port Moresby the hard way, after more than 70 unsuccessful attempts to cripple the base from the air.

WHITE HOUSE VISITORS. Admiral King, Navy chief; Admiral Leahy just appointed as President Roosevelt's personal Chief of Staff, and Gen. Marshall, Army Chief of Staff, leave after conference with the President.

Something New Has Been Added To G. I. List—Thousands of Votes

War or no war, the American public this November will elect 34 Governors, 34 Senators, and 435 members of the House of Representatives, and men in uniform may also be in on the voting.

The House has passed the Ramsay Bill to allow servicemen stationed within continental U. S. to vote for their home choice, and the Senate is expected to do likewise. The bill does not include men in foreign service, but some states such as New York, New Jersey, Ohio, and Arkansas have provisions for servicemen to vote by absentee ballot.

The elections this year will name the first war Congress since 1918, when Republicans filled the senate and house although President Wilson was a democrat.

O'Daniel Plays Guitar

However important control may be to the organization boys, the fact is that the war knows no party lines. The question most voters are asking is not whether a man is democrat or republican, but whether or not he has supported the war effort.

Two of the more interesting fights this year revolve around two of the South's more picturesque legislators—Gov. Eugene ("Gene") Talmadge of Georgia and Sen. W. Lee ("Pass the Biscuits, Pappy") O'Daniel of Texas. Pappy has been touring Texas with a guitar, while Gene is spreading home-made "chitlins" all over Georgia.

Another significant fight will be that for the New York State governorship, traditionally regarded as a stepping stone to the White House. Tom Dewey seems the most likely republican candidate. The democrats will fight it out at their State Convention between Sen. James M. Mead and State Attorney General James J. Bennett. Jim Farley is directing Bennett's campaign, but Mead has been endorsed by President Roosevelt.

New York will also see Rep. Hamilton Fish up for re-election in a fight which will show just how much influence a pre-Pearl Harbor isolationist still holds.

Rankin Won't Run

In North Dakota, William Lemke, who was Father Coughlin's presidential candidate in 1936, entered his name in the congressional race. In Virginia, anti-union Rep. Howard Smith will face his first real opposition in years, Emmett C. Davison, secretary-treasurer of the International Association of Machinists (A. F. of L.).

In Illinois, a hot battle is developing between Rep. McKeough and present Sen. Curley Brooks for a seat in the senate. In Montana, Rep. Jeanette Rankin, who voted against war in 1917 and again in 1941, did not file for re-election this year.

The Army is also in the lists. Several congressmen now in uniform may run for re-election. Major Henry Cabot Lodge, back in civilian clothes after a trip to Libya with an American tank crew, will try for re-election as Massachusetts Senator. His opponent is Rep. Joseph E. Casey, a private in World War I.

On the other hand Pvt. Will Rogers, Jr., of California, has started his campaign for a congressional seat, although unable to make all the speeches he would like to make.

Less Speech Making

This is in keeping with the tone over the land. Gasoline rationing has limited speech-making and such standard campaign devices as the sound wagon.

There will probably be many close contests, some of which may even be decided by the soldier vote.

This makes it important that all servicemen find out as soon as possible whether or not the laws of their state entitle them to an absentee ballot. You can get the story from the special service officer or by writing to the home town election clerk.

Chico Field Air Pupils Boast Perfect Record

CHICO FIELD, CAL.—Not a fatal crackup in more than thirteen million miles is the record of the Army Air Forces Basic Flying School here.

Student pilots have been training for more than a year. They've flown their crates far enough to straddle the globe 500 times at the equator.

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Pictures: Cover, U.S. Navy. 2, Acme. 3, PA. 4, top PA, bottom left INP, bottom right U.S. Sig. Corps. 5, INP, except top right PA. 6, INP. 7, left OWI, right (reading down) Acme, Wide World, PA, Wide World, OWI. 8-9, Sgt. Robert Ghio. 10, left INP, right MCA. 11, left INP, right Acme. 12, INP, except top right AAf and bottom right Sgt. John A. Bushemi. 13, U.S. Navy, except top INP. 14, Cpl. Pete Paris. 15, Columbia Pics. 18, Acme. 19, top Paramount Pics, bottom right RKO. 21, Acme. 22, PA. 23, Acme. 24, Sgt. Ghio.
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Yank Fighter Planes Fly Into Nazis

Once the glider stops gliding you see this. These men are flying themselves during maneuvers.

Army Gets Very Neat—Makes Planes Police Up Gliders Now

WILMINGTON, Del.—A single-engined light plane with a grappling hook under its tail swooped out of the sky at 100 miles an hour and zoomed back up with a glider and three passengers. The plane had not touched the ground.

It repeated the trick several times and then tried a harder one. It dipped again, came up with a glider, circled the field, and went down for a second glider. Then it made several circles around the field with both gliders before cutting them loose.

This was the first public demonstration of a new military use for airplanes. The most interested spectators were the higher brass of air-borne and troop carrier commands, who went away satisfied that the new glider pick-up system would work.

Chief advantage of the system is that it can transport troops and material to places where regular planes cannot be landed.

Emptied gliders can be picked up by fast low-flying tow planes and taken back to their bases for refills.

The system is simple. The gliders are placed on the field about 200 feet behind and slightly to the left of two upright bamboo poles ten feet behind. One end of a nylon rope (no stick, no snarl, no snap) is fastened to a hook in the nose of the glider and the other is placed across the two uprights.

A pick-up hook under the tail of the tow plane catches the rope over the uprights, a revolving reel begins playing out and takes up the deadweight shock of the glider.

Then the brake is applied gradually to the reel, the glider accelerates quickly and by the time the plane has leveled off, the glider is sailing through the air.

Mr. Hirohito, My Name Is Thronumoulopoulos

BIDDEFORD, Me. — The Japs in the Pacific better stay away from Corporal Polycarpos Thronumoulopoulos.

He wrote home from there recently saying that he has the longest name in the Army and promises that he will make every captured Jap repeat it 100 times, and yell Uncle.

U. S. Combat Pilots Make First Appearance Over France Since 1918

For the first time since the fierce dogfights of 1918, American fighter pilots have met the Germans in combat over the soil of France.

That fact, with others, gave Germany fair warning that the second front, either on land or in the air, was coming closer.

It was not the first time that Americans were over the continent. Yank bomber pilots put the boots to Nazi airfields in the Netherlands in a raid July 4.

Twenty-two days later a Spitfire sweep veered across the Channel and headed for France. Seven Yank pilots were on it, occupying wing positions in three big V-formations. The Spitfires were looking for trouble.

Fight Over France

They found it over LeTouquet, in Occupied France. They ran into a crowd of the new and dangerous Focke-Wulfe 190's. The Focke-Wulfe's are good, but they aren't up to Spitfires.

The Germans found that out. Over Le Touquet, according to an eyewitness, "the sky was filled with whirling aircraft." Nine Focke-Wulfes crashed on French soil.

The Germans took a powder and the Spitfires went home. Three of them, however, did not return, and in one of these was the first Yank fighter pilot to fall over France in this war. "He disappeared," a returned pilot said.

While newly-arrived American pilots and crews were testing their wings in the European air, British flyers were very busy. They raided Hamburg, Germany's greatest port, for the second time in three days.

Test Mustangs

Six hundred planes went out, and 35 failed to return. Guided by still-burning fires set by the earlier raiders, the RAF dislocated public utilities, left thousands of people homeless, bombed railway installations, and set numerous parts of the city afire.

Even while the bombers soared over Hamburg American-made Mustang planes were holding a dress rehearsal of invasion along the French coast.

The Mustangs will be used as scouts when the English and Americans begin their invasion of Europe, and they had what the Air Ministry called "a day out" over France. They flew at zero level, skimming the ground, blasting freight cars, army huts, barges and water towers.

Germans Worried

The Germans were worried about all this activity. The Goebbels-controlled radio announced time and again that Nazi defenses in the occupied countries were too strong for any enemy force to crack.

Several hundred new forts, the radio said, have been added to 2,300 already existing in that neck of the Nazi woods.

And while the Germans wondered, Air Marshal Arthur Harris sat at a desk in London and broadcast to the German people.

"A whole American air fleet has just arrived in England," he said. "An epic storm of destruction is about to break over your heads. City after city will be wiped off the map.

"American airmen are now entering the fight. Do you realize what it will mean when they bomb Germany also? I have just spent eight months in America. I know what is coming over."

At an American bomber station in Britain, a Flying Fortress takes off with waves and cheers from landlubbers.

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Boys in Hawaii Get a Little Practice

FAMILY ENLISTMENT. Mrs. Zelma Hanson and her son Richard, 18, take the Army oath together in Los Angeles, Cal. Col. M. B. Andrus administers it. Mrs. Hanson is seeking a WAAC commission at Fort Des Moines, Ia. Richard reported to Fort MacArthur, Cal.

This Army's O.K. But WAACS Like Table Linen on the Sabbath

FORT DES MOINES, Ia.—When reveille sounded Monday morning, ending the first week end leave for the lady soldiers of the Women's Army Auxiliary Corps, not a single girl was Over The Hill.

And the first sergeant didn't have any telegrams or telephone messages from Miss Soandso, saying that her mother was sick or she had missed the last bus from Haystack Junction and wouldn't be able to make it until noon, either.

Look For Table Cloths

The WAACS were too tired from the first week of drilling to spend Sunday doing anything exciting. Most of them went to Des Moines shopping or looking for a hotel room with a soft mattress.

Four WAACS from California went into a hotel dining room.

"Look," they said to the waitress. "We're not dissatisfied and we think Army life is the greatest experience in the world, but we want a nice white linen tablecloth, fine silverware and thin glasses."

Reviewing their first week in the Army the C.O. said, "They're a damn sight better than we ever expected they would be. I honestly didn't believe they could do it."

Drill On Own Time

The enlisted men in charge of the WAACS said the same thing.

"I thought I knew something about Army paper work," one first sergeant said. "But these women asked me 50 questions today and I'm going to have to get out my company administration textbook."

Not only that, they did close order drill in the evening on their own time, working out in groups of eight or 10 on the parade ground.

"They don't try what they learned in the last lesson," says their commander. "They try out drills that aren't due until the next day."

READY on the left? French girls attached to the Free French Motor Transport Corps in Britain are receiving rifle instruction.

Battle of Sexes Slows Real Scraps

(From YANK's London Bureau)

LONDON—The British War Office made a startling discovery: that papa can't fight good when mama's running around.

In an appeal to gallivanting sweethearts and busy-body mothers, the office said, "We aren't going to get our men to fight with 100 per cent of their heart if they feel their wives are unfaithful to them. There have been regrettable cases of wives going off with some other man and leaving children to fend for themselves."

The office gave a "Phooey" to girls who write, "If you don't come to see me on my birthday, you don't love me," and to the helpful friends who say, "I don't want to worry you, but I think you ought to know about how Priscilla Ann is carrying on . . ."

Illness we have, said the War Office. AWOL we got. And for why? From letters from home.

Island Maneuvers Click As G. I.'s Repel Fake Japs

HONOLULU—The boys in Hawaii got the works this week. They went through the most realistic maneuvers in the history of the Army. And after three hellish days of constant fighting against an imaginary foe, they demonstrated what would have happened in the Philippines—if we'd been able to meet the Japs at full strength.

It was just like Bataan, on a bigger, more heroic scale. They had gas, tanks, paratroops, dive bombers thrown at them. But our guys took it all, and came back slugging with more of their own.

Japs Send Fleet

Theoretically, the Japs came in a huge fleet—like the one that was destroyed at Midway. Under cover of the fleet's guns and planes, they established two bridgeheads in North Oahu, and swarmed ashore.

Our holding units were forced back, and the Japs smashed into the jungle. With uncanny accuracy, they had followed the jungle trails of Luzon, Java, Malaya. Here, too, they knew exactly where they were going.

Other Jap landings were made. Down on the beaches, our tanks and motorized units repulsed wave after wave of the invaders. But sooner or later they would gain their foothold, and our troops would fall back to the hills.

The Japs couldn't break the American lines in the hills.

Yanks Counter Attack

On the second day, we began to regroup for a counter-offensive. Trucks and tanks poured over the Little Burma Road, a 27-mile, winding military highway, built by Lieut. General Hugh A. Drum more than ten years ago.

The Japs threw everything they had into the battle. Dive bombers strafed our troops and supply columns. Paratroops dropped behind our lines. We were under almost constant gas attack.

But the Japs couldn't get through. They were stopped at the hills. Then we attacked. And all hell broke loose.

Back down the sides of the mountains, back into the jungles. Slashing, bayoneting, blasting them with our tanks, planes and mobile artillery. They fought hard, but the fury was on our side. Back through the jungle. Back onto the flat coral plains in the North. Back onto the beaches.

Zeros Ain't What They Used to Be

SOMEWHERE IN AUSTRALIA—Jap Zeros aren't so anxious to tangle with Yanks' planes, according to bomber pilot Lieut. Robert Price, of Meridian, Miss.

"The Zeros hover around Allied formations like vultures," he said, "making only cautious pecks. They wait for a bomber to get disabled or fall behind the formation. Then they jump it."

This happened to Price's bomber, and he came home with four lovely big cannon holes, one of them smack in the engine's nose.

"We had to drop out of formation," he said, "and immediately six Zeros began hitting at us from all sides. It was hot going for awhile, but we popped into a cloud bank and shook them off."

Before the shaking-off, though, Sgt. Francis M. Pryor of Bellefontaine, Ohio, took one of the Zeros unto his gun sights and turned it into a dead Oriental pigeon.

Even pecking like vultures doesn't do the Japs much good.

Army Court Sentences 'Werewolf' Woman Killer

MELBOURNE—An A.E.F. court-martial has ordered Pvt. Eddie Leonski, 24-year-old, self-styled werewolf from New York, to be hanged for the barehanded strangulation of three local women.

"His action," said the board, "cast a foul blot on the service."

Leonski, a former grocery boy, seeking to alibi his murders, explained to a medical board of two Army physicians and an Australian alienist: "Did you ever hear of a werewolf? Did you ever hear of Dr. Jekyll and Mr. Hyde? I'm like him—two personalities."

They're ready for the Jap in Hawaii.

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Russian Nurse Nina Kuranova at work under fire

Nazi machine gunners in action on the Russian front

Reports from a World at War

About an Indian chief, $40,000 worth of diamonds, beri-beri, four baths, a bombing season, a Prime Minister, an obliging bovine and Sadie Thompson

CARIBBEAN DEFENSE COMMAND, By YANK's Caribbean Field Writer

Canal Zone—A "bushmaster" patrol, consisting of expert jungle-commando fighters, stumbled across an Indian village while on a reconnaissance mission recently. They were feted royally and reciprocated by "inviting" the tribal chief to visit their camp. The Chief arrived in due time and officers, learning then of the invitation, diplomatically arranged for quarters for him at the Officers' Club.

Instead of a two or three-day visit, the Chief stayed on and on. Finally, one officer nerved himself to ask the Chief when he was going to return to his village. "Me return, no," answered the Chief. "Me now big chief in the kitchen." The Chief, it seems, had been hired as a company K.P.

A YANK'S PRAISE followed a 45-minute visit by Prime Minister John Curtin of Australia to an American recreation center. During the visit, Curtin asked Sgt. Frank Alberta to demonstrate how to play pool. Afterwards, Sgt. Alberta declared: "Gosh, that man's pretty quick on the uptake. I wish he had time to play me a game."

CARRIBEAN DEFENSE COMMAND—By YANK's Caribbean Field Writer

The rain beat down in all its tropical fury. A group of soldiers, fresh on pass from jungle positions, sat in the lobby of a hotel, one of them reading a copy of W. Somerset Maugham's short stories. Suddenly a longing beam flashed in the reader's eye. He whispered to a bell hop. The bell hop minced down among the fashionably attired guests arriving for dinner, screaming "Paging Sadie Thompson!", "Paging Sadie Thompson!" There was no answer, and not one guest looked sideways. The tropical rain continued to beat down in all its fury.

FOR THREE YEARS Jap airmen have made the period from mid-May to September an open season for bombing attacks on Chungking. During these attacks, residents of the crowded Chinese capital scurried into deep caves, lit vegetable lamps and waited patiently till the last bombs exploded. Thus casualties were avoided, though damage was often severe. The season opened quietly this year in Chungking because the Jap bombers were busy elsewhere—over the Philippines, New Guinea, Burma and Malaya. Finally, two months later than usual, Nipponese planes were spotted heading for Chungking. But they never reached it. Newly arrived planes of the American Air Force roared up to meet them outside the capital. As thousands of residents huddled anxiously in caves for two hours and five minutes, dog fights filled the skies. When the all-clear sounded, not a bomb had been dropped, Jap planes lay shattered on the outskirts of the city and others raced for home. To the Chinese, the sight suggested that the "No hunting" sign was up over Chungking this season, etched with machine gun bullets.

TWO AXIS LINERS—the Jap ship Asama Maru and the Italian vessel Conte Verdi—steamed into the little port of Lourenco Marques in Portuguese East Africa, their decks lined with U. S. citizens evacuated from Japan and Jap-occupied territory on an exchange basis. Most of the evacuees were diplomats, missionaries and newspaper correspondents. Cables hummed for days with stories of what happened to them and other Americans on and after last December 7:

Three Presbyterian missionaries in Korea were imprisoned, questioned and even tortured because a Jap questioner was convinced that words used by the missionaries was a reflection on the Japanese Emperor. The words were "Jesus Christ, King of Kings and Lord of Lords."

Alice Glube, teacher in a school in Osaka, was kept in solitary confinement for four months. Jap police charged her with seeking military information when she asked her geography students: "What is the tallest mountain in Japan?" and "What is the longest river in Japan?"

Joseph Alsop, relative of President and Mrs. Roosevelt, caught in Hongkong, counted calories in the food provided by the Japs for internees. He said the prisoners never got more than 1,200 calories daily and averaged less than 1,000. An American soldier's chow averages about 4,500 calories a day. Alsop also said that in his camp at Hongkong about five out of every hundred prisoners had beri-beri, about 15 more incipient beri-beri. Beri-beri is a disease of malnutrition which causes loss of muscular control.

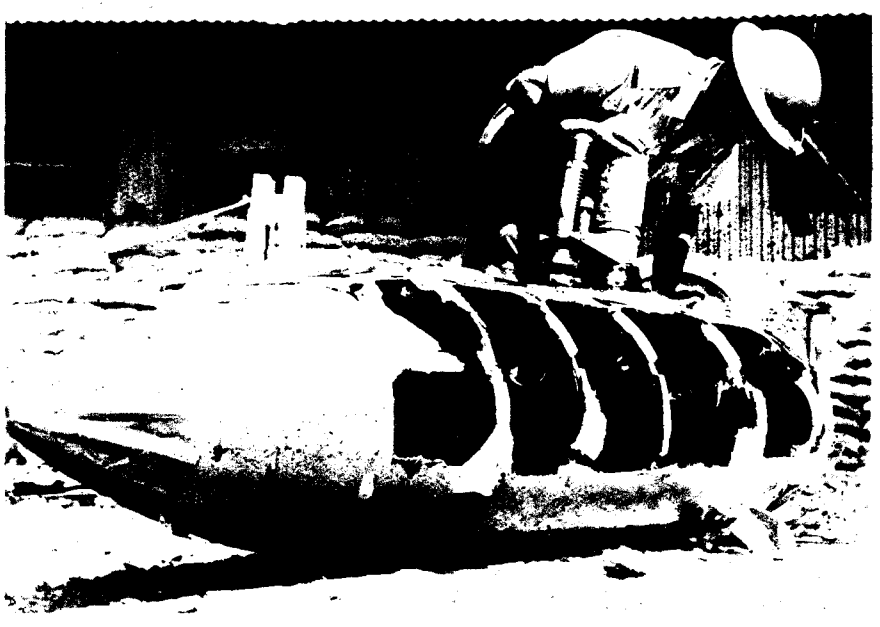
Victor Keen, New York Herald Tribune correspondent, told of being put in an unheated, insanitary cell, where reading and visitors were prohibited. In 79 days he had four baths and three shaves.

Richard Wilson, of the United Press, gave a bit of hitherto untold history about the Jap conquest of Hongkong. He said Jap soldiers crawled through long-forgotten old drainage tunnels and thus infiltrated into the British colony.

Almost all the missionaries and newspapermen in Jap captivity endured repeated slappings, cuffings and chokings. Even so, the Americans agreed that the Japs treated them mildly compared to the way they treated the British.

The World Feels the Pangs of Hunger

Correspondents recently released by Japan talked of the food they *hadn't* eaten for six months. The Russians said that they wouldn't eat next winter unless they kept getting Caucasus gas to run their tractors, and peasants in the occupied Ukraine were not stretching themselves to feed Nazi guts. It was announced that 8,000,000 acres of German crops had been destroyed in last year's big freeze. When Marshal Petain, who hasn't any children, suggested that it would be nice for Frenchmen to have a lot, a fearless French editor came back with "Babies do not thrive on speeches. They need milk." Britain tightened her belt again by rationing syrup and molasses, halving the cheese and candy allowance, and banning fresh eggs in favor of egg powder. Five more food ships set out from the U. S. for stricken Athens, where most of the city is dependent on Red Cross food. And even New York was undergoing a mild meat shortage.



Jap belly tank drops in on New Guinea

SOMEWHERE IN NEW GUINEA—Tojo is keeping the Yanks busy, and vice versa. Air Force planes have been working overtime lately, cracking down on Jap troops put ashore at Gona Mission, 100 miles from the United Nations base at Port Moresby. These reinforcements have advanced to Oivi, 45 miles from Port Moresby, but they still have to climb the 10-000-foot Owen Stanley range before they can get anywhere. Zero pilots, who are assisting ground troops by constant attacks on Allied bases, have a new trick. They carry wooden "belly tanks" which hold extra fuel and increase their range, and once the tanks are drained they are dropped like bombs. They're about as dangerous as a milk pail.

A STRAY COW saved a plane of the American Ferry Command from a crack-up on the India-China run. Both motors of the plane were choked in a blinding dust storm over India's vast plains and Lieut. O. K. Spurrier was forced to make a crash landing. As the plane skimmed along just above the ground, the undercarriage clipped the back of a stray cow and bounced the plane over a little hill which the pilot hadn't seen because of the dust. If it hadn't been for the cow, Lieut. Spurrier said, the plane would have crashed head-on into the hill. As it was, the lieutenant straightened out the plane and brought it down with minor damage.

AN ABORIGINE native girl of Australia was scouring the beach for cigarette butts and found instead $40,000 worth of diamonds. The sparklers had been packed carefully in a tube, had evidently been hidden along the sea shore and were then washed up by the tide. No one knew whose jewels they were, but they were believed to be part of a fabulous fortune in diamonds lost when a Dutch plane escaping from Java was shot down by the Japs last March. Shortly after the crash a wandering beachcomber stumbled on to a cool $1,000,000 worth of stones.

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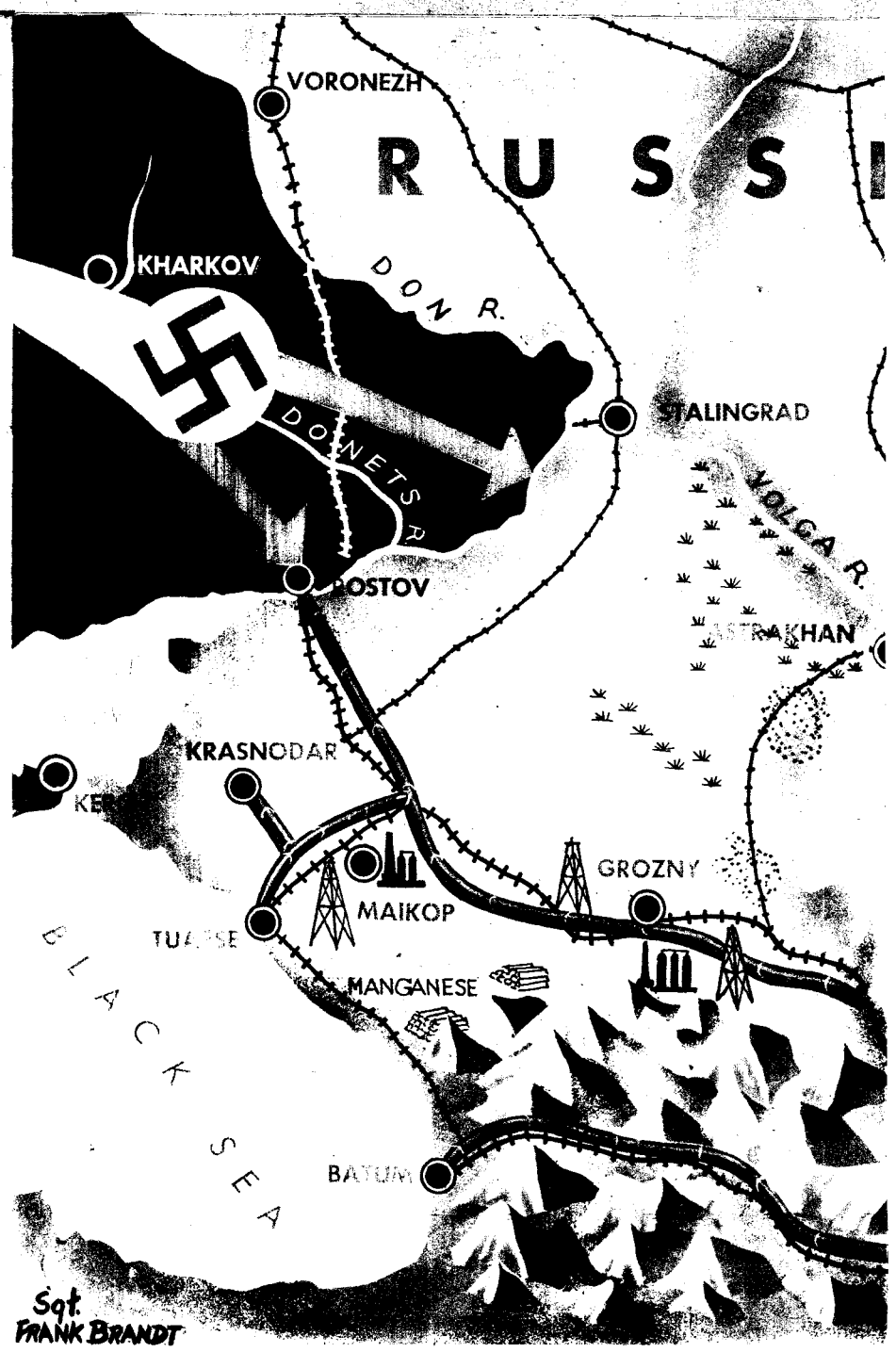
In Russia a Momentous Battle — In U. S.

CRISIS in the Caucasus

The Nazis have over-run 30,000 square miles of fertile Russian farm land



This is a tale of two rivers, the Don and the Volga, twin brothers to Old Man River, except the words to the song are in Russian.

Where the Don flows down to the sea, there is trouble this week. The Nazi is abroad in the land of the Don and the Cossack and the thunder of cannon rides the wind from the shores of the Don to the mud-flats of the Volga.

This is the river Don this week: "Tanks and scrambling Nazi infantrymen were smashed on the north bank. Torn German bodies floated down the Don toward the sea of Azov from the wrecked rubber boats. Rowboats, rafts and barges in which they sought to force a way over the river in the Tsimlyanskaya area, 115 miles southwest of Stalingrad . . . "

For the Record

That was a day on the river Don this week as recounted for history by United Press correspondent Henry Shapiro. That was the terrible battle that Marshal Timoshenko's men waged for one of the rivers that hold the key to Russia.

For more than a week, the gates of Rostov trembled on their hinges, and then the city fell heavily, battered and beaten as Sevastopol had been beaten and before Sevastopol Lvov in Poland and after that Kiev in the Ukraine.

Rostov was important as any of them. Rostov was, and is, the key to the promised-land of the Caucasus, rich with the riches one needs to run a war, a fabulous land of mineral wealth where the oil gurgles happily beneath the rocks.

With the fall of Rostov, the situation in Russia was more critical than at any time since the fall of 1941 when the Nazis threatened Moscow with encirclement.

Blow at the Heart

In striking hard by the Don, the Nazis struck for the Caucasus. In striking at the Volga, the Nazis struck at the heart of Russia, their Mississippi, their water highway, their old man river which bears the burden of their traffic. Along its muddy face, the flow of traffic on the Volga is ceaseless. Were the Volga snipped the arteries that pump the lifeblood of supplies to Russia would be snapped.

To be sure the invaders have paid their price. Even Goebbels, the Nazi propaganda minister, has admitted recent weaknesses in transportation. The Germans have hunted up and down occupied Europe for railroad rolling stock to fit the narrow gauge tracks of Russia. Labor has been another weak spot with the Nazis, but they have recently rifled the satellite nations with vast recruiting drives to bring more labor to the Reich.

The price has been great. And still the Nazis are 400 miles from Maikep and the Grezny oil fields in the Caucasus which produce about 10 per cent of Soviet oil. They are even further from the famed Baku oil field which produces 70 per cent and lies protected by a high flank of mountains to the north.

The Germans may never get to the Caucasian oil fields, but if they cut off transport from the Caucasus, then Russia suffers. Russia is a land mechanized — a land of 500,000 tractors, 165,000 farm combines, 200,000 heavy farm trucks— and Russia is dependent upon that mechanization.

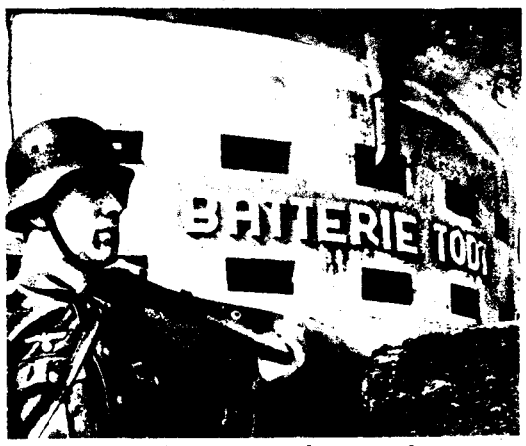
The Volga and the Don may hold the only answer. •

Invasion-wary Nazis have spent months fortifying French coast

There are almost as many plans for a British-American invasion of Europe as there are military experts and armchair strategists. Some second-fronters argue that we should invade Europe through northern Norway. Others say we should attack through Belgium and The Netherlands. One school of thought believes Spain and Portugal should be the scene of our continental push, while another thinks Italy would be easy to conquer.

Most military commentators, however, pick northern France as the likeliest spot for a major invasion. It's within easy range of RAF fighters. Because it's so near the English coast a front in northern France would take less shipping to supply than any other front we might open in Europe.

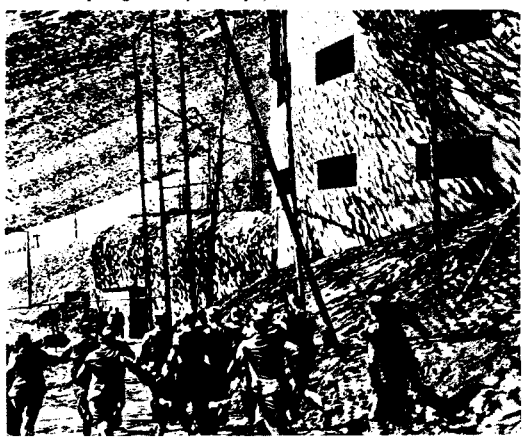
Hitler, of course, knows all this, too, and months ago he put his No. 1 fort-builder, Dr. Fritz Todt, at work strengthening German defenses on the coast of France. Big guns from forts like those shown below perform a triple function of shooting at British shipping in the Channel, taking pot shots at English coastal positions and attempting to repel any possible invader.



Outside a French coast fort

Inside the battery

Nazi gun-pointer on duty



Soldiers answering alert call

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Two Burning Questions

HOW ABOUT THE SECOND FRONT?

It was scrawled on the sidewalks of occupied cities. It was whispered among the starving peoples of occupied populations. It was shouted by loud-voice speakers from Trafalgar Square, in London, to Madison Square Park, in New York. It was the question of the hour, and everybody from Cabinet ministers to movie stars, from military commentators to labor leaders, was discussing it. It was the second front they talked about.

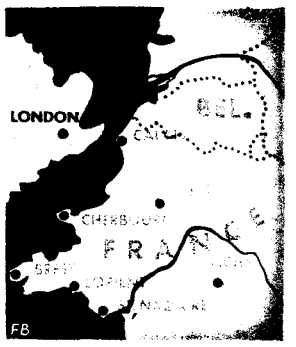
Predictions, pleas, urgings came thick and fast. Leslie Hore-Belisha, former British War Secretary, prophesied: "If a successful second front could now be launched, victory for the United Nations would be a near prospect." Charlie Chaplin asked a meeting of 20,000 in New York: "What are we waiting for when the situation is so desperate? We have got to take a chance." Lord Beaverbrook's Evening Standard, of London, screamed in front-page headlines for a second front, sizing up the campaign in Russia this way: "Despite all their valor and skill, at no moment has the position of our allies appeared more grave than today." In St. Louis the Star-Times cried: "A second front now or never!"

The Russian press, official mirror of the Soviet Government's views, stressed the need of a campaign in the west on a scale large enough to divert not only Nazi planes but also German mechanized divisions from the eastern front. Ilya Ehrenburg, authoritative Soviet war correspondent, summed up: "The hour has come for the Allied nations to make a decisive choice."

But it was one thing to demand a second front and another to open it. U. S. and British military leaders were closeted in London in week-long conferences and it was no secret that they, too, were discussing military action in western Europe. They had to look in the face any number of hard facts.

To establish a land front in Europe would take flawless timing and co-ordination by land, sea and air forces. To maintain that front would take a constant flow of supplies to the newly-landed forces. That means more shipping at a time when ships are our one great bottleneck. Estimates of how much shipping we would need to supply an army of, say, 1,000,000 men in France range from 10,000,000 to 15,000,000 tons. The total Allied shipping for all fronts and all seas is now about 45,000,000 tons.

The Germans maintain in the occupied countries of western Europe forces totaling well over 1,000,000 men. Of these, there are certainly not less than 30 highly mobile, well-trained, fighting divisions, or some 450,000 soldiers. The lowest estimate of the number of United Nations soldiers it would take to open a western front is 500,000 crack troops, but as the Nazis were forced to withdraw divisions from Russia, Britain and the U. S. would simultaneously have to send more to the continent. Some help in the way of sabotage and underground revolts could be expected from the conquered population of whichever country was the scene of the second front, but on the other hand these people would have to be fed almost immediately with at least minimum rations.



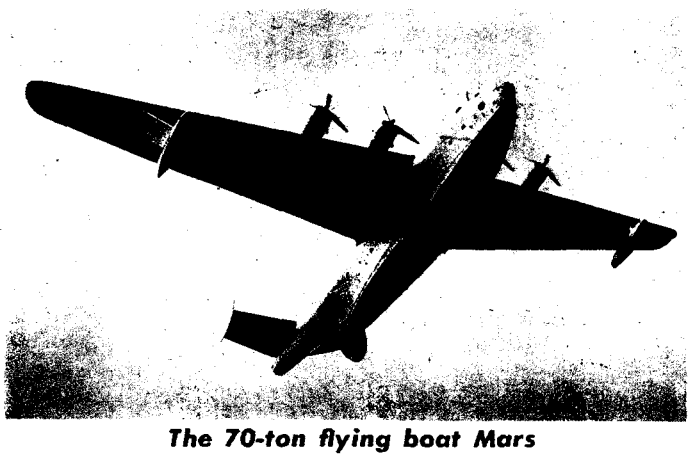
Virtually nobody was against opening up a second front at one time or another. The only difference of opinion came as to when that front should be opened.

2 WHY NOT BUILD AIR TRANSPORTS?

Take, for instance, a Liberty cargo vessel. One torpedo through her and down she goes with 6,000 tons of war supplies aboard. Take, on the other hand, a Glenn Martin Mars, the new flying boat which can be used either as a bomber or a transport. No Nazi submarine can get near her, but even if she got shot down by an airplane only 70 tons of supplies would be lost.

A lot of Americans are excited about taking, on the one hand, a Liberty vessel and, on the other hand, a Mars, and comparing the two. The fact that our shipping losses in the last six months have risen to well over 400 ships and that the rate of sinkings is considerably above the rate of building has spurred this comparison. To a lot of newspaper columnists, book writers, aviation experts, businessmen and Congressmen the answer to our shipping problem is simple. Ship by air instead of by sea. Build air instead of sea transports.

Both experts and non-experts joined in the discussion, most of which seemed one-sidedly in favor of the airplane as the transport of the future. A Mars could make 15 trips in the time it would take a sea vessel to make one. She could carry 150 troops a trip, and in 15 trips would therefore transport 2,250 men, or about as many as an ordinary troop transport would take. Moreover, some of the air-borne troops would be at their destination before the seagoing ship was out of sight of port. Most of them could be in action before the sea-transported men arrived.



The 70-ton flying boat Mars

Case histories of what cargo planes had already done were recited. There was the time when a 24-bed emergency hospital was delivered overnight to a remote section of Alaska. Trucks and gas tanks were taken to the Aleutians by air. Our garrisons in Greenland were supplied by 30 transports making 600 trips. Essential military supplies were landed in Australia from the U. S. east coast in just two days and 14 hours. U. S. pilots evacuated a total of 4,000 persons from Burma. A few score transport planes have carried more war materials from India to China than used to be carried by 5,000 trucks over the Burma Road.

But it was Henry J. Kaiser, shipbuilder extraordinary of Portland, Ore., who brought the subject to a head. Normally one would think he would be on the side of ship-building. Instead, it turns out that his engineers have plans for flying ships of the future which will weigh 200 and 500 tons each. For the present, however, he proposed to solve the question of overseas transportation by using the equipment in nine shipyards to build 70-ton Mars—5,000 of them in 1943. With the help of the aviation industry, he says, an assembly line could be going within six months and in maximum production in ten.

"This war," Kaiser said, "will be terminated by getting enough sky ships of 70 tons."

In Washington doubts were expressed that the U. S. could ever rely solely in this war on air transport to supply our far-flung fronts. But the whole subject had at least an airing and absolutely no one questioned that air transportation would be used in the future far more even than it is now.

How to Git There Fustest with the Mostest

Henry J. Kaiser, Oregon shipbuilder:

"I propose that the Maritime Commission turn over nine shipyards to the mass production of flying ships like the Mars. . . . Five thousand of these ships could land 500,000 fully equipped men in England in a single day. The next day they could fly over again with 70,000 tons of fresh milk, beefsteaks, sugar and bombs. No submarine could shoot them down."

Alexander P. de Seversky, airplane designer, builder and pilot:

"Aviation dependent on slow-moving surface communication lines for its supplies and replacements is an anomaly. It is ludicrous to make an air force, moving at 300 miles an hour, dependent on transport crawling along at ten or fifteen knots."

Brigadier General Harold L. George, Commander Air Transport Command:

"We are going to have no forces anywhere in all the world that are not and cannot be served by air. . . . As operations on the battlefronts have been speeded up by the rising factor of air power, the service of supply must take to the air."

Senator Josh Lee, of Oklahoma:

"To build a fleet of cargo and troop planes would be the most practical method of defeating the submarines which are now sinking ships faster than the United Nations can build them."

Donald P. Nelson, chairman of the War Production Board:

"We are giving attention not only to proposals to build a fleet of giant ships like the new Mars, but also to the possibility of enlarging the present program for smaller cargo ships on which the necessary production engineering has been done."

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And Now God's Chillun

The brothers Rice are not at home

Checkup on Pvt. Willis Rice

The USO, a mighty fine place

By Cpl. Charles Cuneen, YANK Staff Writer

Down in Camp Claiborne, Louisiana, the only colored tank unit in the world—5th Group—is burning up the bayou roads, getting ready to go somewhere. This is the story of Willis Rice, a small man from East St. Louis and a handy boy with a tank. Willis Rice is in the 761st, and this is how he got to join up and what he does now that he wears his country's uniform.

WILLIS RICE just walked in and signed up, just like that. He put his name down on paper and they gave him a uniform, and it was the way it had been with his brother Quentin way back last October. Nothing to it. Just put your name down and you're a soldier. You don't know where you're going, but man, you're on the move. Quentin went to Hawaii, and when a man goes to Hawaii, man, he walks fast.

Willis Rice wasn't a hero. He signed up because it was right. That was last January, and a lot of things had happened. Even in East St. Louis where Willis grew up and put his name down, a man could feel there was something new in the air. When a man's been living in a city for 28 years, he can feel changes easy. Seemed almost as though the whole city was spitting on its hands and rolling up its sleeves. A man feels things like that and wants to get in and roll up his sleeves, too.

I don't want to be nowhere else but where I am

"I can shoot," Willis Rice said to the classification man. When a war comes along a man's got to do what he can do real good. Willis Rice used to take out his rifle and shoot around Missouri, little things—rabbits and such—but the littler a thing is the harder it is to hit.

"There's more to the army than shootin'," the classification man said.

"Guess you're right," Willis Rice admitted.

"We send a man where he'll do the most good."

"Makes sense to me," said Willis Rice.

The classification man thought a minute. Here was a nice, smart boy, standing just right—about five seven, a private chauffeur. The kid knows what makes a wheel go round and how to make it turn.

"Going to send you to Fort Knox," he said. "Going to make a tank man out of you, Willis Rice."

"Anything I got, the Army's welcome to," Willis Rice grinned. The classification man grinned right back.

"You're going to be in the only colored tank group in the world," he said.

Fort Knox, Kentucky, was hot.

Fort Knox has a monkey cage and Willis Rice did a lot of climbing. Forty-five minutes a day he walked like a cat along those thin ladders. He hung by his hands, and by his feet; he pulled himself up ropes. He snaked down the side of the monkey cage and threaded his way through bars like a needle. At the end of the day he was dizzy.

"This monkey cage sure rocks me to sleep these nights," he said.

There wasn't much close order drill at Fort Knox. A man doesn't need it for tank stuff. But he has to carry a pack. He wears it when he's taking a motor apart, and when he's shooting on the range and when he's walking through mud on a bivouac. A man has to get used to that pack. Has to get so it's almost a part of his body.

For three weeks Willis Rice and that pack went around together, almost everywhere.

The day is mighty short when there's so much to cram in your head, when there are things to learn about radial motors and diesel engines and mechanics and weapons and signal orders and map readings. A day flies like a scared duck when you're out on the range and you're learning how to shoot pistols and rifles and machineguns and 75's. A man in a tank has to do a lot of shooting.

Willis Rice was nervous when he drove a tank for the first time. "I felt like a lady getting a driving test," he said. He was bewildered when he crawled through the turret and sat at the controls, but when the motor began to roar and the tank bucked forward he felt exhilarated and full of power. Then he knew he was in the right business, was doing the right thing. "I didn't know till then what I really wanted to do," he said, "but after that I didn't want to do anything else."

At Camp Claiborne, Louisiana, on June 1, Willis Rice sewed the red, yellow and blue patch of the 761st on the shoulder of his uniform. He had never been really deep South before, and the hot sun and the bayous were foreign to him. He had friends, though, and the easy camaraderie of his outfit was right up his alley. He liked Pvt. Thomas Washington, a tall boy from Birmingham, and Sgt. Louis Monks, who was in charge of the hutment where Willis Rice lives. The three are buddies.

Willis Rice gets a kick out of the impromptu conferences in the company street whenever there is a new truck or tank or jeep to be named. Tank men personalize their vehicles. It used to be that the 761st could name a vehicle any way it wanted. Now, though, the first letter of the name must be the same as that of the company. For instance "Sleepy" is a Service Company truck—"because it's so slow." "Samson" is a wrecker—"because Samson was a strong man." "Bronco" is a B Company truck—"because it bucks so much."

Willis and his fellow tankers are quick to sense injustice. In the battalion PX, staffed by Negro help, a portly old man with a peg leg was a steady fixture behind the cigarette counter. Selling cigarettes, he didn't have to walk much, and the work was light befitting his age.

One day the men found their cigarette vendor hauling and stacking heavy cases of bottled beer in the center of the floor. Immediately, the place was abuzz.

"Poor ol' man with a peg leg shouldn't be workin' like dat," was the general comment. "Ain't right."

It made no difference that the old man had gone home the night before without sweeping up, one of his

A tank man has got to be hardened up

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Got Tanks

A day flies like a scared duck when you're out on the range and you're learning how to shoot rifles

regular duties. Three out of four customers that day complained audibly about the man with the peg leg juggling cases of beer. Next day, the old fellow was back behind the cigarette counter.

This sense of justice colors Rice's thinking about the Jap. The Jap has been stealing and enslaving China bit by bit for five years. Now he has sneaked into the outposts of the United States—our home. Willis Rice doesn't like what that portends. He is itching to send the Jap sprawling.

Willis Rice has an Honor Card in his pocket, and whenever his feet get that urge he can take them off to Alexandria, 20 miles from Camp Claiborne. He rarely uses his Honor Card during the week, though, because of a transportation bottleneck. Unless a full bus load can be obtained from his battalion area, he has to walk two miles to the main gate. But on Saturday night, with a pal or two, he usually ambels toward the bus stop after chow. Saturday night isa good time to get up and go. A lot of things happen in Alexandria on Saturday night.

There's a USO on Casson Street that's mighty pretty, and often you can find Willis Rice there. "Got a brand new juke box at that USO," they'll tell you around Alexandria. "Got a brand new juke box and it's giving out all the time." Gives out with "Take It And Git." Gives out with "I Want A Tall Skinny Papa." Gives out with "Mama Mama Blues." Man, that juke box always goin'.

Rice doesn't always feel like the USO, but there's Lee Street saying, "Come on in, soldier, come on in." Lee Street's full of 5 & 10c night clubs. A man who sells tamales walks along the curb, and the street is full of mighty tall talk.

You learn to signal by hand

You learn to keep things neat

"She's a kill. . . ."

"Yah, yah!"

"Put yo' money where yo' mouth is. . . .

"He's the lyingest man. . . ."

"Watch that jive, son!"

"Honey, you shouldn't come on that way with a believe-it-all kiddie like me."

Willis Rice sits at a booth at the Harlem Cafe and hears that tall talking. The M.P.'s are thicker than flies on a dead mule's back, but the tall talk runs on.

"Whut the Army do if a man got two wives?"

"Two wives?"

"Mmmmm."

"Army goin' take fo'ty fo' dollars out that man's pay and give each wife fifty dollars each and every month and leave that poor man with six dollars. That's whut the Army do."

Every night isn't Saturday, but there is always plenty to do around camp. There is, for instance, that chance to go to O.C.S. Willis Rice can't make up his mind whether he wants to be an officer. Many of the men in his company are bucking for it, and there is never any trouble filling a quota for the Armored Force School. Generally there is a surplus of candidates.

Right now there is only one colored officer in the 761st, Captain Robert E. Brown, a medical man from Mt. Vernon, N. Y. In a short time, though, a group of Negro officers is expected to join the battalion.

The sun is hot down at Camp Claiborne, Louisiana, and it's hot in East St. Louis, Missouri. Willis Rice is a long way from home, and he's doing a powerful lot of thinking. Back home his mother writes him that the family is spending ten per cent of their pay on war bonds. "That sounds good to me," says Willis Rice.

Willis Rice has come a long way from East St. Louis. He's sitting in a tank right now, burning up dusty roads. One of these days he'll be going somewhere to do something big. He's five foot seven and he can drive a tank and he's got a brother Quentin out in Hawaii who's an anti-aircraft gunner. Quentin wrote a letter, ending it, "You keep 'em rolling and I'll keep 'em falling."

Willis Rice knows what his brother meant, all right. He is one of two blue stars on a door in East St. Louis, a blue star that's going somewhere and that's game to go and that's going to raise hell for our side.

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NEWS FROM HOME

THIS AMERICAN WEEK

A Heat-Wave—Conspirators Nabbed by F.B.I.—Profiteering Nipped by Law—A Mixture of Events.

It was so hot in the U. S. this week they had to put ice packs on a rhinoceros in a downtown zoo. People said they could fry eggs on the sidewalk. They said they felt like taking off their skin and walking around in their bones. They said there wasn't a breath of fresh air. They even said it wasn't the heat, it was the humidity.

Wherever people went from the heat, the war followed. This week the War Production Board announced there would be no more priorities on tires for beer trucks. The war hits those at home with little things, refusing to stay overseas.

It was hot for the good citizens this week. It was even hotter for the 28 Americans picked up by the F.B.I., charged with being principals in a nationwide conspiracy to impair the loyalty and morale of America's fighting men.

There were familiar names on this list, including that of Elizabeth Dilling, author of that book "The Red Network." In pre-war days she had supplied the Dies Committee with a lot of information on people she dreamed up as Communists. Included also were George Sylvester Viereck, friend of the late Kaiser, now doing a stretch as a German agent; Gerald B. Winrod, loudmouth native Fascist from Kansas; William Griffin, editor of the isolationist newspaper, the New York Enquirer; William Dudley Pelley, head of a little organization called the Silver Shirts.

Restaurants took an extra nickel as food prices rose. President Roosevelt turned over the idea of using executive action under the price control bill to meet the high cost of eating. The family car stayed in the garage and people wondered about rubber, with the experts all disagreeing.

BOTH ARE OKAY. Elizabeth Schoggen, technical inspector at the Air Force Advanced Flying School, Lubbock, Tex., puts her shingle on a completed job. Beautiful enough to tackle the movies or stage, Mrs. Schoggen prefers to work with planes while her husband, Lieut. Elmer Schoggen, pilots one "over there."

Tires were like gold. A man in Kenosha, Wis., put up his two spares for bond when arrested on a traffic charge. Henry Ford turned up a new method for recapping tires without using rubber. He also turned up with Dr. George Washington Carver, famous Negro scientist, who was going to work in the Ford research laboratories. No one knew what Dr. Carver would do, but it might have something to do with rubber.

The women also helped in the factories. They stood in line at Detroit to register for war work in case there was a labor shortage. They handled rivets and worked an eight-hour shift. They walked around in slacks; millions of them.

Other women didn't do as well. In North Carolina a woman tried to hire the sheriff to murder her landlady, whom she didn't like. In California, a fireman asked for a divorce because his wife was so jealous he had to pay for the private detective she hired to follow him around.

As the week wore on and the Germans pressed deeper into Russia, the rumble grew louder for a second front. New York held a second front mass meeting with Mayor La Guardia and Senator Mead speaking and Charlie Chaplin over the phone from Hollywood. In Washington, a delegation representing a million C.I.O. members presented a statement to President Roosevelt urging a second front. Maxim Litvinoff, the Russian Ambassador, paid a visit to the White House. Fifty thousand Chicagoans of Slavic origin held a patriotic pageant to celebrate the 532nd anniversary of the Battle of Grunwald, and asked for a second front. President Roosevelt sent them a message, as he did to a meeting of the National Association for the Advancement of Colored People, describing the U.S.A. as a Nation of minorities, adding that today, as never before, minorities are vital to victory.

Krupa lectured on swing

People Back Home—

Pontiac, Ill. — Downstate Illinois threshing dinners aren't the same any more. For hot and thirsty harvesters, no iced tea, no lemonade, no pie for dessert. Reason: no sugar.

Portland, Ore.—Auto graveyards in Oregon contributed 2,640 tons of scrap iron and steel to war plants during June. Total tonnage for the Pacific northwest was 7,132, with Washington giving 1,917, Montana 1,706 and Idaho 869, all from auto graveyards.

Syracuse, N. Y.—Syracuse University announced plans to change to a three-term basis in the next college year. The extra term will be a summer period.

Springfield, Ohio—Single copies of the Springfield Morning Sun and of the afternoon Daily News jumped in price from three to five cents.

Greencastle, Ind. — Dr. George Herbert Smith, 37-year-old dean of administration at DePauw University, was appointed president of Willamette University at Salem, Ore.

Wilmington, N. C.—An offshore vessel that failed immediately to identify itself caused a 63-minute blackout alert.

Fairview, Kan.—Mayor Frank B. Prudy closed his office for several days to paint the city hall. Other civic leaders got into their overalls after business hours to put a new roof on the bulding.

Alexandria, Ind. — Hens around here are getting discouraged. Blasting at a gypsum plant nearby kills the egg germs on which they are sitting and baby chick production has been shot to hell.

Chicago, Ill.—Mrs. Edward J. Kelly, wife of the mayor, retorted to Edward Page Gaston, prohibition advocate who charged Chicago with being one of the three moral blackspots of the nation. Said Mrs. Kelly: "Our boys have always been gentlemen. That man Gaston must be touched with the heat."

Trenton, N. J.—Governor Edison ousted the Hudson County Tax Board on charges of dereliction of duty. The move was considered a slap in the face of Mayor Frank Hague of Jersey City.

Chicago—Too young for World War I, Anton Yarris, 36, would have missed this one too if he had not been reclassified to 1-A at his own request. His wife, Eleanor, went to work in a defense plant and assured him she could support their boys, David, 5; Ronald, 7; and Richard, 9; as well as Yarris' 72-year-old mother.

Chicago—After a Saturday night binge, Lloyd Chamberlain, a peddler, was hauled into police court on a charge of disorderly conduct. Chamberlain lowered his head as the Judge lectured him, said "Thank you, Your Honor" when he was discharged, then fell dead.

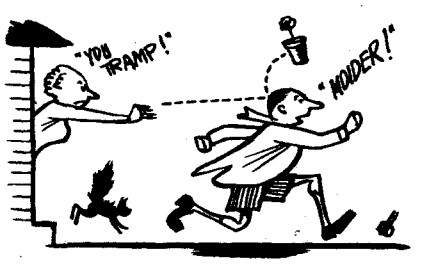
Los Angeles—Mae West was divorced from Frank Wallace, vaudeville dancer to whom she had been married since 1911. He withdrew his suit for $1,000 monthly separate maintenance allowance and Miss West received a divorce decree on her cross-complaint.

Fayetteville, N. C.—It was unofficially estimated that, with the number of men visiting here daily from Fort Bragg, an officer walking down Hay Street any time after 3 p. m. will average 75 salutes to the block.

Fremont, Neb.—Rotary and Kiwanis club here announced that any member who comes to club luncheons without his admission ticket of five pounds of scrap metal will be fed only beans.

Denver, Colo.—Police auctioned off an accumulation of unclaimed property. Twelve bicycles, most of which had flat tires, brought $206. Eighteen automobiles brought $144.

Houston, Tex.—The deepest oil well in Texas is planned for the Old Ocean Field in Brazos County. It is expected to go to 14,000 feet.



Chicago—Verne Hotzfield asked the court for a divorce and an order restraining his wife from injuring him while he got his pants from home. Having "a natural repugnance for hitting women," Hotzfield fled in his underwear when his wife slugged him and bounced a flower pot off his head. He appeared in court in borrowed pants and shirt.

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Mrs. Dilling was indicted

Wendell Willkie also greeted the Negro association with the statement that race prejudice was being stamped out in this country under pressure of war. To bear him out, figures released this week showed a greater employment of Negroes in war industry. Paul Robeson drew the biggest gate of the season at New York's Lewisohn Stadium, singing "Ballad For Americans."

Production rose again as people worked through the hot nights. Steel output for the last six months equalled that of all 1917. Navy building was up 360 per cent in the past year. After hours the workers relaxed, walking in the park, or hiding in the freezing movie houses. A movie came out called "Are Husbands Necessary?" The number one song on the Hit Parade was something called "I Got Spurs That Jingle Jangle Jingle." Joan Crawford got married and hit all the front pages, next to the news from Russia.

Sentiment grew for a system of compulsory savings and a plan to deduct income taxes in advance from the pay envelope. The house naval affairs committee urged legislation to limit profits on war contracts. The country didn't want people making money on this war.

The WAACs entered public life with pictures in all the papers. A man was held in California for taking bets on horses from inmates of a state insane asylum. Thieves in Niagara Falls stole an entire prefabricated house while workmen were at lunch. Anything can happen in America. Gene Krupa, idol of jitterbugs, lectured at the Metropolitan Musum of Art on "The Lexicon of Swing." The first Jap to arrive at the Army internment camp at Camp Livingstone, La., pronounced the food very good.

The pioneer spirit still flamed under the summer sun. A Chicago broker appointed to the grand jury read how a grand juror also had powers of investigation; he went out and personally raided several hotbeds of vice. A Negro seaman from Georgia was torpedoed off the east coast and managed to pilot his lifeboat right into an island

Crawford became Terry

containing his long lost family.

The War Department set up salvage units to comb battlefields for useful scrap. The War Production Board restricted the sale of Army and Navy insignia to post exchanges, because too many dames are wearing it as costume jewelry. Rep. Wadsworth, co-author of the well-known Burke-Wadsworth Bill, announced that he was studying plans for permanent universal military training of American youth.

The heat managed to slow everything but production. People walked slower and cars ran slower. The country talked less and was touchy and tense. Dutchess County, N. Y., reported a parachutist in the neighborhood and the Army went out to look. They're still looking. The chutist has subsequently been reported in Ohio, Pennsylvania, Vermont, West Virginia, and Brooklyn.

Familiar faces disappeared, to reappear in uniform looking tougher and more anonymous. The Metropolitan Life Insurance Company advised men to marry if they want to live long. At the same time Selective Service headquarters announced that the new dependency allowance for soldiers will eliminate many men from 3-A. The Journal of the American Medical Association announced officially that "Rest begins at 40," and a soft Bronx cheer rose from the nation. Borough President Lyons of the Bronx announced that this cheer did not come originally from his borough, but was brought in by undesirable elements.

That was the week, ordinary and hot. Production rose and prices followed. No one got hysterical; everyone knew there was a war.

At Dusk, We Bury Their Dead

The trucks from Fort Monroe drove into the National Cemetery at Hampton, Va. Fifty-two military prisoners climbed out.

"What are we going to do?" one prisoner asked.

"Dig graves," an M.P. said.

"Whose graves?" the prisoner asked.

"You'll find out," the M.P. said.

Nervously the prisoners went to work. It was late afternoon. They dug silently, asking no further questions. When they finished they got in the trucks and were driven back to Fort Monroe. The 29 graves lay neat and empty in the earth.

Before nightfall a casket was lowered gently into each grave. In each casket was a German sailor, the first enemy dead to be buried on American soil since the start of the war. They were members of a Nazi submarine crew that didn't dive quickly enough.

By the time the dirt was piled in, it was hard to see clearly. The dusk dimmed the face of a Catholic priest as he stepped forward to read a service over the dead. He was followed by a Protestant minister. No one knew the faith of these men.

Standing by the side was a naval firing squad. When the services were over they pointed their guns at the sky and fired three rounds into the night. Then they shouldered their guns and marched off quietly, followed by the priest and the minister.

There are no names on these graves, only numbers. The names are in a file in Washington and when the war is over some day, they will be published. In English.

"He writes that the only thing which bothers him at camp is lights out at nine!"

Memphis, Tenn. — James Hilton, author of "Lost Horizon" and originator of the name "Shangri-La," explained it. "La" is a Tibetan word for "mountain fastness." The "Shangri" doesn't mean anything, but he thought it sounded pretty.

Boston — Inmates of the State Prison are making checkers, cribbage, table tennis and chess games to be sent to the men in service. Prisoners in other state institutions, including the women of Framingham Reformatory, will join in the work.

Newark, N. J.—Frank Collins, 77-year-old mayor of Newark, was married to Mrs. Lula Babcock, proprietor of a beauty shop on West Main Street. Mayor Collins' first wife died two years ago.

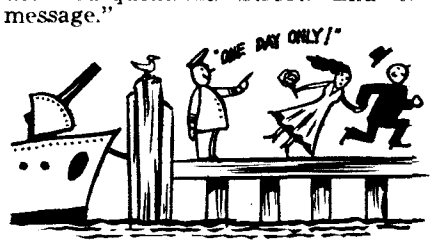
Washington—The Office of Price Administration cut by 75 per cent its allotment of bicycles available for rationing. The quota was reduced from 230,000 to 57,500.

Cincinnati—At least five persons were killed in an explosion which set fire to the three-story building of the Hodge U-Drive-It Garage in the heart of the downtown district.

Los Angeles—The little town of Roscoe, near here, was given a $300 quota in the USO. Its subscription: $1,500.

Stockbridge, Mass. — George H. Sutherland, 80, retired associate justice of the United States Supreme Court, died of a heart attack at his summer home here.

Binghamton, N. Y.—The blackout control center got its first disaster call: "Big dog bit air raid warden. Susquehanna Street. End of message."



Buffalo, N. Y.—A busy suburbanite followed this schedule. First he picked up his teeth at the dentist's, then he picked up his bride-to-be at her house, took her to church for their wedding, went to the wedding breakfast, then hopped the 11:01 for Buffalo, where he reported for induction into the Navy. Sentimental recruiting officers put him on inactive duty for one day—his honeymoon.

Alpena, Mich.—Hugh McGinty, aged and legless inmate of the county infirmary, donated his artificial legs to the drive for scrap rubber. Now in a wheel chair, he's making new legs of wood and leather.

Albany, N. Y.—State police announced that 3,009 motorists have been arrested for violating the new 40-mile speed limit since it went into effect April 23.

Gwampee, S. C.—Maneuvers note: An eight-year-old girl heard an officer order soldiers into some undergrowth to "mop up those invaders." She hopped on her bicycle and warned the populace of the threat. It took tall talking by the military to quiet down the home front.

Milford, N. H.—Civil War cannonballs and a memorial cannon here will be converted into more up-to-date armaments.

Cheyenne, Wyo.—Sgt. Carlton R. Rufanacht, 21, of Lodgepole, Nebr., confessed to killing his wife because she asked him to take care of the baby while she went out with another man.

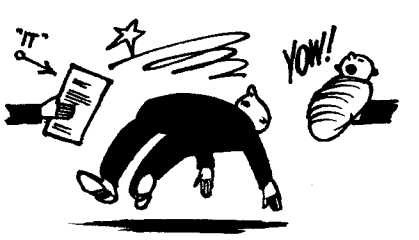
Fort Benning, Ga.—A lieutenant finally got an airmail letter which had been mailed to him 109 days before from Lewiston, Pa. The letter had been sent to Australia, then to a man by the same name in Ireland.

Washington—Pvt. Walter T. Pearson of Lockport, Ill., was the millionth person connected with the War Department to allot part of his pay to War Bonds. He is stationed at Camp Wolters, Texas.

Boston — The powers-that-be in the Commonwealth of Massachusetts decided that girls working for the state may paint their legs or go barelegged, but the subject is too full of dynamite for a formal statement. The go-ahead notice for the girls appeared in The Boston Traveler.

Denver, Colo.—The city government repealed an 1892 law which prohibited washing windows between 7 a. m. and 7 p. m. The bill was originally meant to prevent sloshing wash water on the sidewalks.

Philadelphia—Two men holding up a garage took $11.60 from the cash register, then picked out a new car. They didn't like the front tires, so they waited while an attendant replaced them with better ones.



Moundsville, W. Va.—It was a big day for Selva Theodore Robinson, 37. First he got his induction papers. Second, he became a grandfather.

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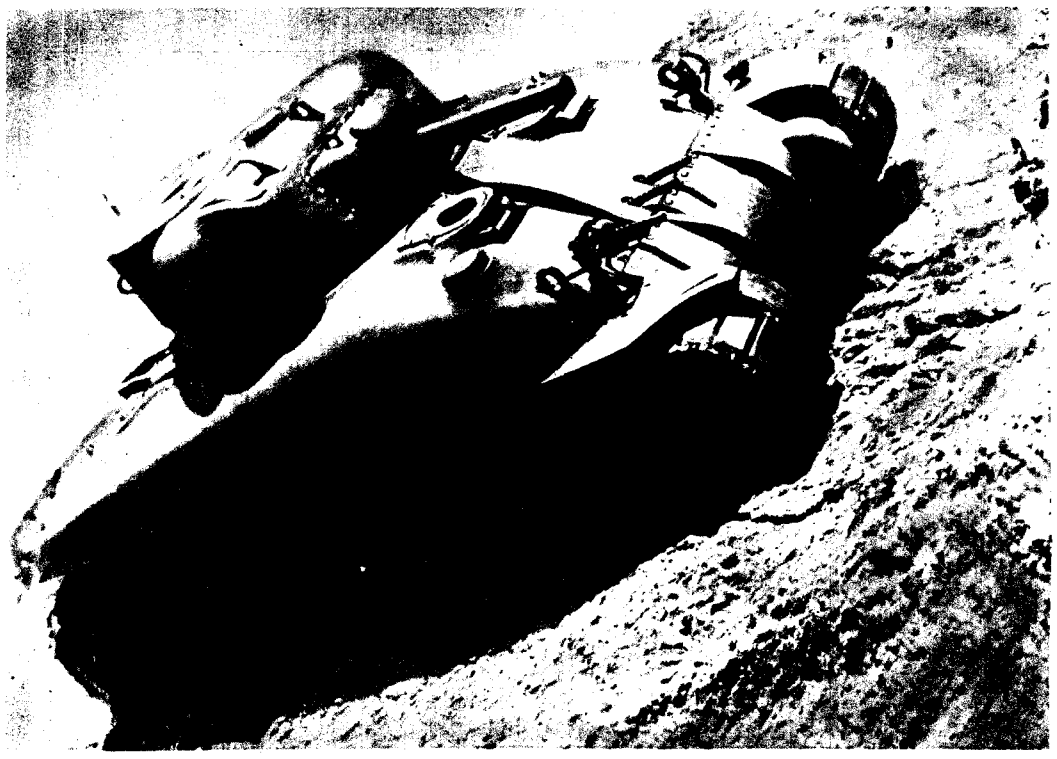
Australian troops find maneuvers realistic indeed as explosives go off and shower them with water and mud. Evidently, we Yanks don't get ALL the tough training.

A button that isn't buttoned draws a stern buke from Corporal Pigtails, otherwise Robe Fyler, 10, of North Miami, Fla. She is the adopted daughter of the 581st Technical Sch Squadron, Miami Beach, Fla., knows all the drills and can be as tough as a topki



One of the new M-4 tanks undergoes a thorough clim ing test "somewhere in Eastern United States." It's welded and carries its 75 mm. gun in a turret that can be completely revolved. Wha more, it is rolling off the assembly line in ever-increasing quantities.

Irena and Hanka Glowacki, . daughters of a Polish colonel, do a little toe wading at British and American Red Cross quarters in iran. Previously, they'd been Russian prisoners.

Soldier! You at the extreme left! What's this power you ho over actress Helen Hayes? You won't tell? At any rate, yo sure are getting the eye (and eventually a hamburger) as the new canteen in Tim Square, New York, is opened for all service men.

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In the land of the midnight sun, Nazi torpedo planes swoop to attack a United Nations' convoy bound for Northern Russia. In addition to the planes, ack-ack bursts and a balloon (upper left) can be seen in the sky.

A busy scene aboard a U.S. aircraft carrier. Riddled by Japanese bullets, a Douglas dive bomber has been returned safely to its nest. American-built planes are standing up well under punishment.

A hero of the Coral Sea battle is John Liska, Aviation Radioman 3rd Class, who shot down three Jap Zero planes. Back in San Diego, Cal., he shows how. Lieut. John Leppla, pilot of Liska's plane, got four Zeros. A nice day's work.

After an American destroyer sank a Nazi submarine in a running fight, the bodies of 29 Germans were recovered. With a U.S. Army guard serving as pallbearers, the Nazis were buried at Hampton, Va., with military honors.

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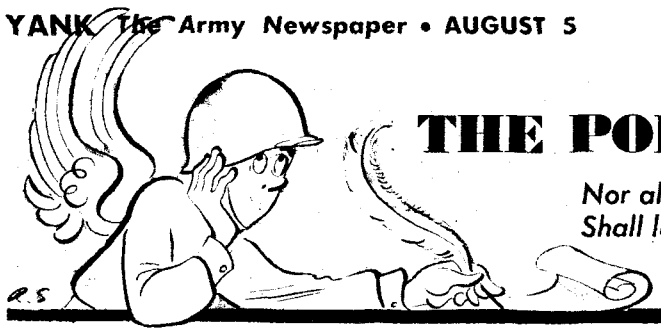


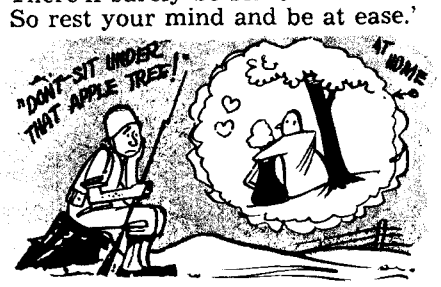
THE POETS CORNERED

Nor all your piety and wit
Shall lure it back to cancel half a line.
Omar K., Pfc. 1st Pyramidal Tent Co.

THE LADY OR THE MAILMAN

(or a rookie worries about his girl at home)

They say the Pony Express was fast
Its riders on Winged Pegasus' passed.
They say—out there in the RFD's—
"The mail'll come,
There'll surely be some
So rest your mind and be at ease.'



The postman'll bring it, they always say,
In rain or cold or the heat of day.
"The planes'll fly it, through the sky
Swift and sure,
All things endure,
Get it through, do or die."
All this I once believed,
But now I know better;
For lo these many days—,
I ain't had no letter!
It must be the mail . . .
Or is it my belle?
Aw hell.

Cpl. Robert Schulman.

GUARD DUTY

A guy who's worse than any thief
And who should boil in oil
Is two hours late on third relief
When I've a date with Poil.

—Pvt. Al Hine

LINES FROM A MOTHER'S LETTER

My Son: The years have beaten you
And left their mark in many ways.
Your roughened speech: these things you do:
The cruel face-lines; Life marked the days
That each adventure came and found
You willing, even eager to
Drink long and deep. The hunting ground,
I know, was wild and strange, and new.
I would not have you aged, and lacking yet,
A knowledge of the world's more shabby parts.
But then, you were too young to seek or get
What wisdom comes from liquor and from tarts.
So now I weep . . .; that two short years could span
The breach from godly youth . . . to lesser man!

Pfc. Chas. W. Vogel
Perrin Field, Sherman, Texas

A SOLDIER'S THOUGHTS

As I sit here in my observing tower.
Keeping watch by the morning hour,
Searching o'er the morning blue
For enemy ships, should they come in view.
Will this searching ever cease!
That man may again live in peace?
To men who gave their lives for what they stand,
I salute Pearl Harbor, Corregidor and Bataan!
They gave up their lives, that you and I
Might keep "Old Glory" flying high.
Could we do as well, were it you and I?
I wonder, — Just a soldier's thoughts beneath the sky.

Pvt. Jack Lambert

LINES TO THE WAAC

Fort Des Moines will be used as a base to train the first contingent of the Women's Army Auxiliary Corps. News Item.

Oh, send me home to Fort Des Moines,
The land of milk and honey.
Oh, I don't care for ratings now,
And I don't care for money.
There's something in them Iowa hills
That fills my heart with pleasure,
And it ain't grass and it ain't hay,
And it ain't buried treasure.
The sergeant tipped me off today,
With a kind of wishful sigh,
That nowadays, in uniform,
There's more than meets the eye.
The sentry's tread is hardly heard
In this land of the free,
As through the night there comes the swish
Of G.I. lingerie.
I've always been a simple guy,
I've never had a hobby,
But now I'll take the Hobby girls,
While you take Hobby Lobby.
So send me home to Fort Des Moines,
And cancel all my passes,
And I'll stay there and wacky-woo
With 400 WACCY lasses.

Fort Sill Army News

MAIL CALL

DEAR YANK:

Note with interest the headlines of your July 12th issue "We Take First Poke at Nazis" and "Yanks Take First Punch at Germans." This is of particular interest because the commander of those tanks was Capt. "Cree" Stelling, a jolly damn rebel from Augusta, Ga. If Cree lives to be a hundred he will never be a damyankee. Notice previous releases that Yanks have taken much credit for actions in Australia and the Pacific. Believe the true heroes of the occasion include Colin Kelley, Douglas MacArthur and many National Guard soldiers who will never be yankees either. However this procedure is quite all right by the Southerners, the Texans, the Mid-Westerners, and the Californians. Just let the Yanks continue to *take the credit* while the rebels and the rest of the Allies *take the Axis.*

H.L.S.
Fort Jackson, S.C.

U. S. soldiers have been known the world over for 25 years as "Yanks." This is no time to resurrect ancient wars. We are fighting the Axis, not each other.

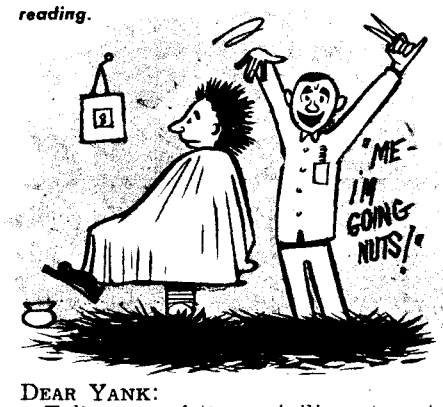
DEAR YANK:

As one G.I. to another, let me say that I think your cartoons are some of the best I've seen anywhere. You've really got a swell bunch of artists.

I especially like Sgt. Stein's cartoons and I know damned well I've seen his work somewhere else before. Who is this Stein and what did he do before the draft?

Camp Croft, S.C.
PVT. N.K.

S/Sgt. Ralph Stein, BD, was artist, photographer, collector, ex-racing driver, connoisseur of good grub. Most of his work as a civilian was in the American Magazine. Sometime we'll do a feature on him—it'll be worth reading.



DEAR YANK:

Tell some of these civilians to get their hairs cut before they go in the Army. I shave skulls until my fingers are weary. I'm going to get Barber's Cramp. No joke.

JOE THE BARBER
Camp Roberts, Calif.

DEAR YANK:

Here's one thing I got to say. All my life I went barefoot when I wanted to. Now I don't mind wearing boots during the daytime, but I don't see why I got to wear shoes after retreat when I got nothing to do. If I am willing to wear shoes during the daytime I don't see why I can't go barefooted in the nighttime. Anyways, I still think Hitler's a mutt.

PVT. M.H.
Ft. Riley, Kans.

DEAR YANK:

Who the hell is this Joe McTurk? He's the ugliest looking plug I've seen since I quit Ringling Brothers, Barnum & Bailey, and I think the pieces about him are funny all right. But where do you get this Staten Island stuff? I was born and raised on the island and I know that if there had been anything there that looked like McTurk, the place would have been evacuated.

Fun is fun, but this is carrying things too far. We from the Island have our Staten pride. Let's clear the good name of the borough. And lay off from now on!

PVT. F.J.S.
Fort Benjamin Harrison

DEAR YANK:

In your last issue you ran the last verse of a poem that said the Army and Navy all wished they were Marines. Just for the record, put me down as one guy that doesn't. I'm an Engineer Soldier in the dirt-eating Army and I'm just as tough and just as nasty as any Marine. Give me a couple of blocks of nitro-starch and I'll be even tougher and nastier.

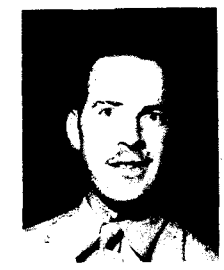
Nuts to S/Sgt. Roesler, USMC
CPL. DAVE CHATTERTON, C.E.

Words Across the Sea

Our cameraman is still on the loose, rounding up G.I.'s who have a word or two for friends in overseas service. Before they can defend themselves he backs them up against a wall and snaps their pictures. Then he cross-examines them, finds out what they know and who they want to tell it to and takes it down in a little black book. We put them all together and give you what you get below.

Cpl. Phillip Anderson is out of an infantry outfit stationed at Palm Beach, Florida. He's been in the service for 18 months and has picked up a lot of friends and a good tan in that time. He wants to get across a message to friend Lapinski in Ireland. "The best of luck wherever you go," he says, "and get a few for me." He sends word also to Pvt. Charles Thomas, another Irish Base Command soldier: "Make a couple of plays for the G.F. with the best of luck."

Pfc. Irving Margolis is now at Camp Wolters, Texas, but he wants to keep in touch with his former Company Commander, Major Barron. To the Major: "Wish I were back in the outfit. Miss all the old bunch. Sure am glad you gave them hell at Midway and Wake. Anxious to get into it myself. Would like to deliver the mail to Hirohito . . . only it would be dynamite." Is it necessary to add that Pfc. Margolis got his first service experience with 4 years in the Marine Reserves?



Michael J. Paris of the Coast Guard was at Pearl Harbor. "I was there," he says, "but it happened so damn' fast it didn't seem possible. Sounded like Orson Welles on the radio. Saw three planes come down." Mike wants to pass on a few words to his twin brother, a Sergeant still in Honolulu: "Thanks, Johnny, for the wrist watch. I'd give anything to be back. Sure would like to have the life of a Sergeant." That last sentence sounds like a threat from here.

Pvt. Clifford E. Gallira of Staten Island was on leave from an Army Air Force Squadron in Georgia. He has news for Pvt. Phillip Martine of the Signal Corps who may be anywhere: "Keep the chin up. I hope to be there with you sometime. Everybody at home asks about you. Finally started buying bonds as you said. Hope to get married to Angie from Britain St. on next furlough, if any. Wish you could be here to dance at my wedding."

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YANK
THE ARMY NEWSPAPER
AUGUST 5, 1942
VOL. 1, NO. 8
PUBLISHED WEEKLY
By the men . . for the men in the service

FOOT-SOLDIERS

What about the Infantry?

"Queen of Battles," they used to call 'er, until the glammer boys came along.

First it was Air Corps (Now Air Force). "Randolph Field, West Point of the Air." Handsome guys with pretty white scarves and helmets. Flashing that toothpaste smile with their eyes on the skies. Hurrell photographs of the graduating class of Goodfellow Field.

"Off we go, into the blue out yonder. . . ." Male voices, the roar of planes. Movie stars climbing into cockpits. Radio shows—Kay Kyser from Kelly, Eddie Cantor from Maxwell. Glammer stuff.

Hell, everybody in the Infantry wanted in the Air Corps.

Then it was the tank outfits. This time a year ago, tanks were THE thing. Half-tracks and motorcycles, medium tanks and jeeps. Rifle scabbards strapped to the sides of the rolling stuff, and crash helmets and dust masks and no packs to carry. Just roll 'em up and toss 'em in. High cocked caps and bright insignia. You couldn't pick up a magazine but you'd see a jeepful of dogfaces with all wheels off the ground. Glammer.

Hell, everybody in the Infantry wanted in the Armored Force.

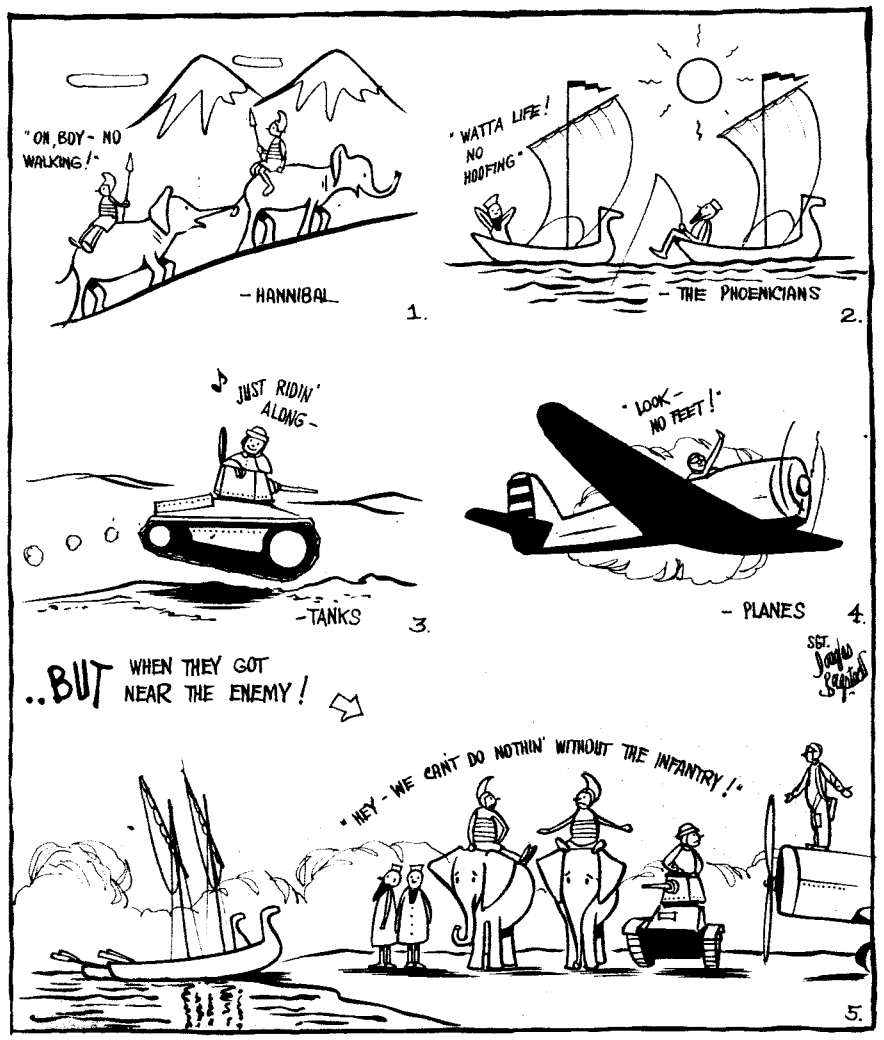
Then it was the parachute outfits. Pretty silk 'chutes blossoming out of big Douglas transports; pretty colored 'chutes against the sky. Half-cut boots with a high shine. "Geronimo!" in Phoenix City on payday night. Silk coveralls and Tommy guns and publicity shots and movies with Franchot Tone and Robert Preston. "Stand up. . . . Hook up. . . . Jump!" Danger every time. Had that zip of it. Glammer stuff.

Hell, everybody in the Infantry wanted in the Parachute Battalions.

Finally, it got so everybody in the Infantry decided it would be better if a guy was an officer instead of staying a plain ole dogface all his life. Good platoon sergeants and expert machinegunners got the bug and went flying off to OCS. An officer might have to walk just as far, but he didn't have to carry as big a pack. Those little gold bars and the pink pants and the cut of the blouse got in their eyes and they went screaming off to Benning to be shavetails.

Hell, everybody in the Infantry wanted to be shavetails. Even that was better than the glammer outfits, because a dogface up from the line the hard way is bound to make a pretty good officer.

But the old Infantry, looked down on and despised, was still feeling sorry for itself and trying to get away from itself until one time—it seems like a thousand years ago—a fellow spoke up for the ground pounders with a phrase that made shivers go down your spine:



". . . Smoke-begrimed men, covered with the marks of battle, rise from the fox-holes of Bataan . . ." he said.

Ask a man with blue braid on his cap—ask him now what outfit he's in.

"I'm in the Infantry, by God!" he'll tell you.

She's still "Queen of Battles."

She's kissed the glammer boys goodbye.

A Few Items That Require No Editorial Comment . . .

Item No. One

The British Broadcasting Corporation reported that a barber let his razor slip when he was shaving the deputy chief of the Zagreb, Yugoslavia, Gestapo, Lieutenant Gustav Stuher. The Zagreb Gestapo now needs a new deputy chief.

Item No. Two

"The boys have been in the habit of dropping in between meals at canteen lunch stands and loading up on sandwiches and soft drinks," the Medico said. "As a consequence, they have no regular appetites at meal time."

For being bad boys, Jefferson Barracks soldiers now may have no 'tween meal snacks, no hot dogs, no hamburgers, no ice cream.

Item No. Three—Rita Hayworth

"Dear Mom, Thanks Awfully . . ."

The sergeant pilot with the RCAF in Egypt received a package which had followed him to England, to Durham, South Africa, finally to the desert.

Mailed from Ottawa last January, it was from his parents.

The package contained a pair of ice skates.

Cherchez la Femme

A U. S. pilot, with butterflies in his blood, flying low over gun-spotted Holland:

"I remember once, looking through the side window, I saw two girls in a second-story apartment in The Hague, sitting there and eating breakfast. That eased my nerves and I laughed to myself."

Reprisal

When Arthur Seyss-Inquart, the Nazi Commissioner in Holland entered a concert hall where Jo Vincent was to sing, someone told the internationally known Dutch concert singer, "Your government is here."

Miss Vincent, 54, loudly and proudly replied, "My government is in London."

She is being held a hostage by German authorities in Holland.

There IS a Law

Clip joints around military posts felt the weight of the government this week.

Describing doubled prices on nickel drinks and beer for 25, 30 and 40 cents, Leon Henderson made certain (non G.I.) remarks: "profiteering," "pocket-picking," "low form of chiseling." Any dogface could have said it more colorfully.

But the OPA boss added a promise—that such practices would be stopped by civil suits, and where necessary by criminal action based on price regulations.

Hello, Again

The Shepheard Hotel in Cairo lost a good waiter to the German army when war broke out and he returned to his homeland.

This week he was back in Cairo, but his old job wasn't waiting for him.

He was a prisoner of war.

Help Wanted

Virginio Gayda, editor of Mussolini's newspaper mouthpiece, speaking:

"In the North African theatre of operations the Anglo-American coalition has amassed . . . such a wealth of man power and materiel . . . it weighs heavily on the Axis command."

So heavily, Gayda reveals, that the Italian and German governments have recently requested Tokyo to intensify its submarine offensive "against the American's eastern lifeline through the Pacific."

Right Guy!

Chinese wounded in the Changsa hospital received cheering notes from Gen. Chiang Kai-Shek.

"My duties have prevented me from making a personal visit, but I wish you an early recovery so that you may proceed to the front."

In each envelope to the soldiers were banknotes.

". . . We Are Sure to Win This War"

This note was received by the Third Naval District:

"Your telegram at hand in regard to the death of Nason H. Billings. Sorry to hear but if you will please write me whatever information you can, in regard to it, it will be perfectly confidential. I will be glad to hear it.

"I am his father and 71 years old, know what war means.

"Hoping this finds you gentlemen in good spirits and feeling we are sure to win this war.

"Your respectfully,
"Philip Billings,
"Brooksville, Maine."

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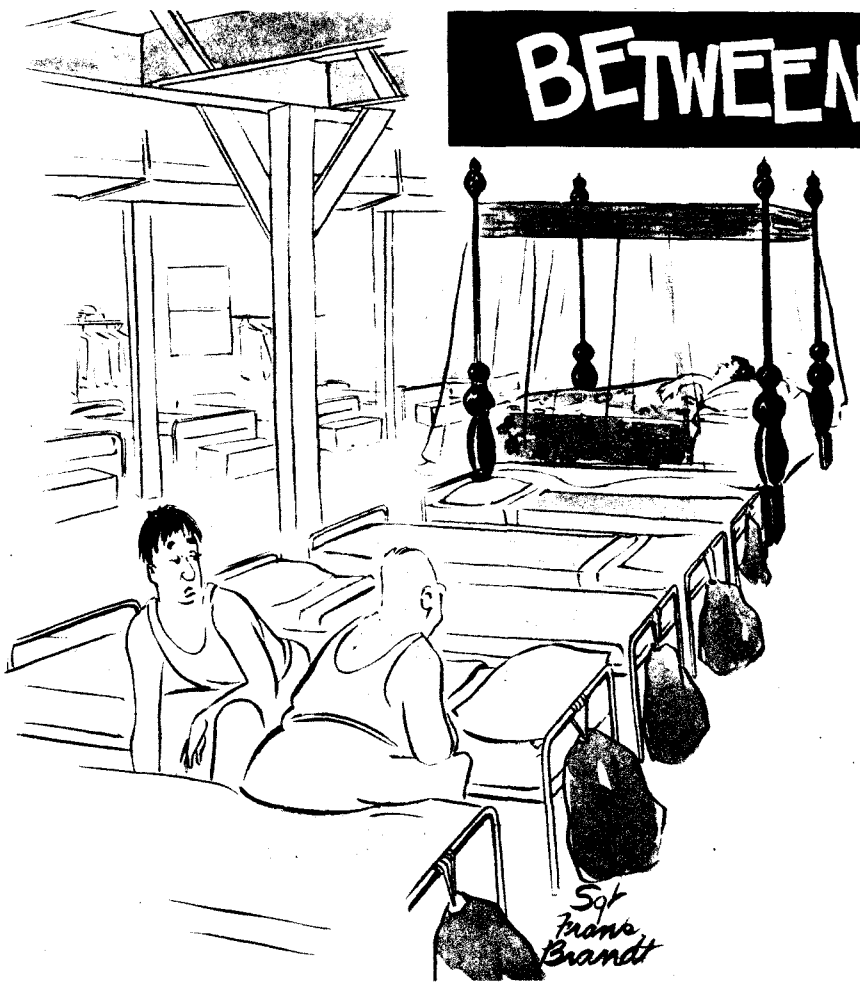
BETWEEN the LINES



"The free mail was bad enough, but since the new pay raise there's simply no holding him—!"

KILLER DILLER—THE VITAL COG

Let us give the knee-high salute to Cpl. Diller A. Dollar, who has found his place in the Army and is a vital cog in the war effort.

Back in Weehawken, young Dollar was known as Diller the Dawdler. His happiest days were his childhood, when his mother used to send him down to the delicatessen for the supper frankfurters and a quart of Grade A. Diller would wander happily home, eating the frankfurters one by one and watching steam shovels. By the time he got home, his family had already eaten sauerkraut and baked beans and gone to bed for the night.

Diller spent his childhood in this trancelike happiness and when childhood was over he went to work as a salesman in the hardware store. He was given a CDD there after a week, because by the time he got to the end of the counter where the customer was, the customer wasn't there any more.

Diller the Dawdler was a dreamer of dreams rather than a doer of deeds.

But even in civil life, Diller found his niche. He became a ticket agent at the bus station. The space before his window was always packed with people who were ready to scream if they had to wait another minute for service. The bus company was well pleased with his work and gave him two pay raises his first year there.

The only time he ever got anywhere on time was when he showed up for induction under the draft. His mother went with him to the draft board.

Even though Diller A. Dollar has no score on the Army classification test (he was looking around for a pencil sharpener all through the test) he was quickly classified and became a vital cog. He is now the proper cog in the proper mesh.

They could have made him a supply sergeant or a dining room orderly or a payroll clerk. But they didn't.

They made him mail orderly in our outfit.

Cpl. Marion Hargrove

"Giuseppe will be disgraced for retreating faster than the General!"

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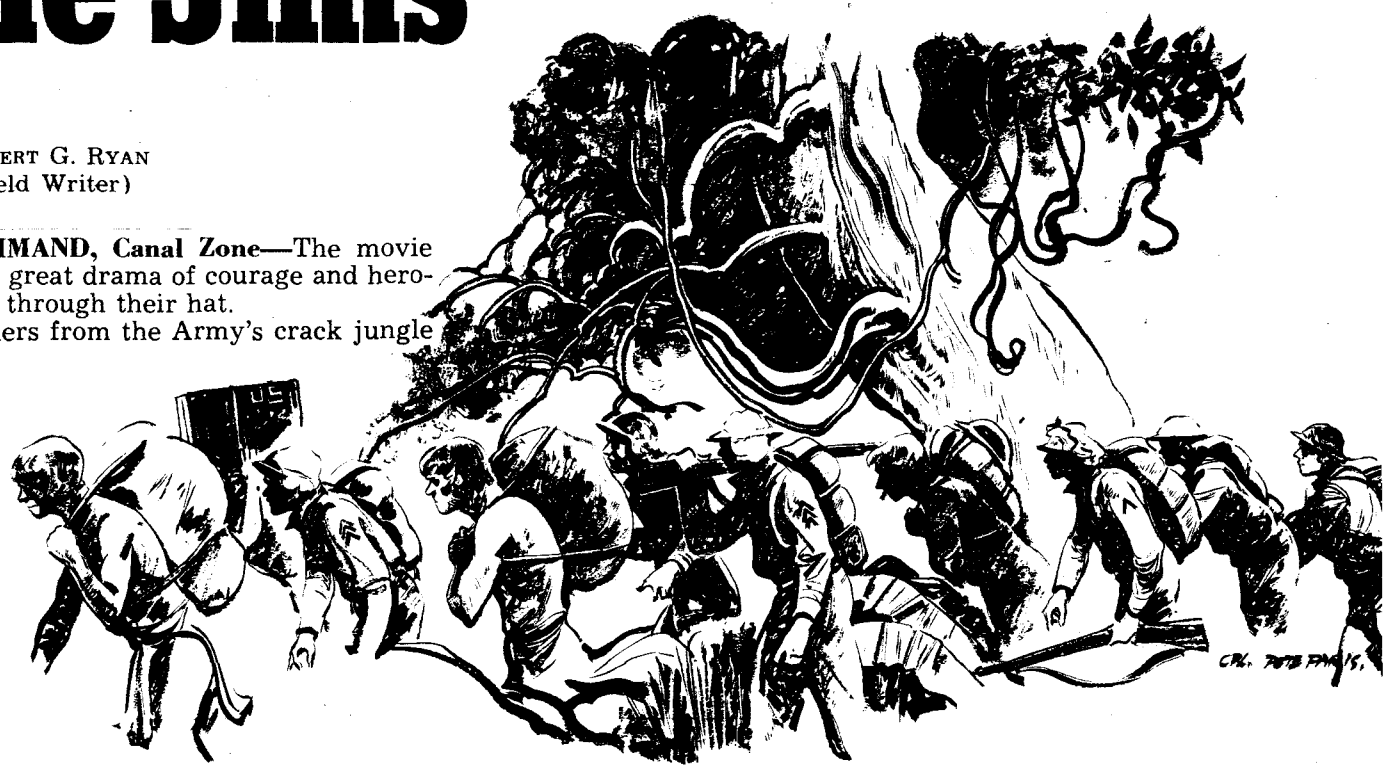
Jungle Jims



By Cpl. Robert G. Ryan
(YANK Field Writer)

CARIBBEAN DEFENSE COMMAND, Canal Zone—The movie producers could build this up as a great drama of courage and heroism and they wouldn't be talking through their hat.

It's a story of eight U. S. soldiers from the Army's crack jungle forces, led by an ex-first sergeant fresh from the cold of Alaska, who pierced through the wildest steaming swamps and tropical forests of Panama from the Atlantic to the Pacific. And had the guts to stick to it, for 15 days and nights, until they carried out orders and accomplished their mission.

They did all this, and never threw in the towel, despite —

Hostile Indians, who hadn't even heard of white men, except in tribal tales of the Spanish Conquest.

Six men in the party coming down with jungle fever and pushing ahead on courage alone.

Being abandoned by Indian guides and interpreters on the threshold of a country that the superstitious savages feared.

And being shipwrecked, out of sight of land, in the shark-infested Bay of Panama.

Volunteer for Task

The story was told modestly by the leader of the group, 2nd Lieut. Ray Riseden of Thornton, Tex., who used to be a first sergeant at Dutch Harbor, from his hospital bed only 80 miles from the scenes of their adventures.

An Army observation plane was reported down in the wild Darien country of Panama. Lieut. Riseden was ordered to take a searching party and hunt for the survivors of the crew.

The military authorities heard about the crash from an Indian who had seen a white man floating down the Chucunaque River on a log. He told the native, in limited Spanish, that his plane had cracked up and he had been without food for eight days.

The Indian gave the flyer his cayuco—a native canoe—and went overland to report the incident.

The Army sent Lieut. Riseden back into the jungle with him. The rest of the party included 1st Lieut. Jules Weinberg of Revere, Mass., a medical officer, and six enlisted men who volunteered for the tough job—Sgt. Alfred Hine of Georgetown, Fla.; Cpl. Arnold E. Reeves of Brevard, N. C.; Cpl. Charles E. Pruiett of Dennison, Ill.; Pfc. Loy P. McAllister of Demorest, Ga.; Pvt. Lester L. Collins of Macon, Ga., and Sgt. Harry H. Steele, Jr., of Louisville, Ky. There was another Indian in the party as interpreter, and some native guides.

Carry 40-Pound Packs

They traveled into the interior by boat and then struck off through 200 miles of strangle jungle country, hunting for the plane.

They maneuvered treacherous river rapids and hiked over muddy trails, walking 10 hours daily with each man carrying 40 pounds of rations on his back.

At night, they tried to sleep, fighting off sand flies and malaria mosquitoes, but never got much rest.

The interpreter and most of the guides took a run-out powder because the going was too rough.

The Indians, who had never seen white men before, were sometimes hard to handle but the G.I.'s won them over with peanuts, candy and cigarettes. Most of them were astonished to hear there was a big war going on with them not in it.

Finally, with half the soldiers sick of fever, the party reached the river bank where the plane crew survivor was last seen. They found only a piece of his wrecked canoe.

Escape Sharks

Satisfied that nobody could have made a more complete search, they gave up and started homeward. Then the food began to run short.

Once a well-tossed hand grenade into a jungle stream brought up 23 nice trout. The men killed wild pigs and turkey, too.

Another time, they snared two alligators and made a stew. Everybody sat down for a delicious meal but one look at the stewed alligator meat made them lose their appetites.

An Army crash boat picked them up near the end of the journey. 30 miles from Panama City, the engines stopped and the boat began to sink. They huddled for hours on two life rafts in the Bay of Panama surrounded by man-eating sharks before a merchant vessel picked them up.

Lieut. Riseden's official report of the searching trip ended with these words:

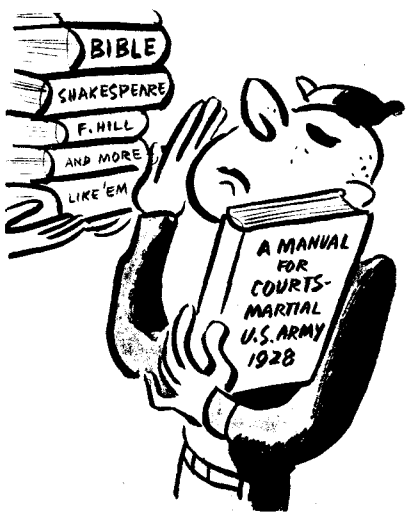
"The undersigned is not aware of the diagnosis in the other cases. I have been found to have malaria and bronchial pneumonia."

Pvt. Greengroin and the Articles of War

By Sgt. Harry Brown
Yank Staff Liar

Pvt. Artie Greengroin is a character. We ran into him at a USO blackout the other night when we tried to put our arm around him, thinking he was a girl named Edna. Artie is something Damon Runyon might dream up after a platter of rarebit, only worse. He spent his adolescence and early manhood in the fourth grade of a little red schoolhouse in Bread Poultice, Conn. "I had a crutch on the teacher," he says. "She was a darb, that doll. And I was olden for my years."

Before the war Artie drove a hearse in Brooklyn, a job he didn't like much. "I had a stiff neck all the time," he says. "Get what I mean?" In the Army he is attached to the horse cavalry, and his work is such that he is forbidden to leave



the post without bathing. Unfortunately, he and water aren't on speaking terms, except for an occasional "Blub!" from Artie, so he spends most of his time on the post.

"I'm glad I got to hang around," Artie says, a flush of pride hovering around his large ears. "I got me a new hobby now. Reading. I read all the time, all the time."

His reading is what really makes Artie a character, because the only book he reads is called "A Manual For Courts-Martial, U.S. Army, 1928." Artie is nuts, to slip into the vernacular, about the Articles of War. To him they're Shakespeare and the Bible and Fanny Hill all rolled together.

"It's like this," Artie says. "They're so beautifully put, I could go on reading them forever." At this point he usually opens the book. "Listen to this," he says. " 'The word *officer* shall be construed to refer to a commissioned officer'. Ain't that neatly put? Ain't that succinct? It's got no waste woids, no frills. Gleeps, it's exciting."

Of course, Artie has his favorite articles. "I like especially the one where it says you can't punish a man by tattooing him," he says. "And the one about false mustard is pretty sharp, too."

Artie doesn't much care where he goes in the Army, as long as he can take a copy of the Articles of War with him.

After the war is another matter. Artie swears he won't go back to driving the hearse, and he doesn't think he's got enough in his noggin to be a lawyer. "The Articles of War is dead pigeons to a civilian," he says. "I won't take them back with me. Just put me down as a fan of the Articles, thass all. Just a fan. Maybe after the war I'll go back to the Fourth Grade and look up my ole teacher. Honest to God, I really tooken to that tomato."

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"Deep In Texas" Ruins British War Production

LONDON—The BBC has banned "Deep in the Heart of Texas" from its "Music While You Work" broadcast because the song is interfering with British war production.

Whenever the band gets to the part where the handclap comes in, factory workers pound hammers on machinery. The wear and tear is terrific.

Why Not Draft Spitalny's Girl Band Into The Army?

NEW YORK—The Army is looking for girls who can play the clarinet, saxophone, trumpet, cornet, French horn or trombone. Any lady who can handle a bass B-flat Sousaphone will also be welcomed with a big handshake.

The Women's Army Auxiliary Corps at Fort Des Moines, Ia., needs a band for drill sessions and retreat parades.

SHE'S A MEXICAN MOVIE PRODUCER—This is Mapy Cortes, Mexico's only woman movie producer, waiting for a train for Hollywood where she's due to make musical comedies. It's warm down there South of the Border, and Miss Cortes is relaxing to take advantage of any vagrant breezes.

CLIP AND SAVE

TIME IN IMPORTANT AREAS OF THE WAR WORLD

When it is noon (Eastern War Time) in New York City:

Place	Local STANDARD Time
Aleutian Islands	5:00 AM
Hawaii	5:30
Alaska	5:00-7:00
Nome	5:00
Fairbanks	6:00
Juneau	7:00
Mexico	10:00
Guatemala	11:00
Panama	11:00
Jamaica	11:00
Cuba	11:00
Aruba (D.W.I.)	11:30
Nova Scotia	12:00 Noon
Puerto Rico	12:00
Bermuda	12:00
Trinidad	12:00
West Indies	12:00
Dutch Guiana	12:19:25 PM
Newfoundland	12:29
Brazil	1:00 PM
Greenland	1:00-2:00 PM
Iceland	3:00
West African Coast	3:00
England	4:00
Northern Ireland	4:00
Egypt	6:00
Syria	6:00
Iraq	7:00
Lower Red Sea region	7:00
India (except Calcutta)	9:30
Calcutta, India	9:53:21 PM
Burma	10:30
Philippines	12:00 Midnight
Australia	12:00 Mid.-2:00 AM next day
Perth & West Australia	12:00 Midnight
Adelaide	1:30 AM next day
Darwin	1:30 AM next day
Sydney & Melbourne	2:00 AM next day
New Zealand	3:30 AM next day

A. E. F. Radio Schedule

Time	Program	Day	Sta.
12:00 AM—12:30 AM	Here's News from Home	T-S	WW
12:30 AM— 1:15 AM	NBC Summer Symphony	T	KGEI
12:30 AM— 1:00 AM	Information Please	W	KGEI
12:30 AM— 1:00 AM	Lower Basin Street	Th	KGEI
12:30 AM— 1:00 AM	Fanny Brice	F	KGEI
12:30 AM— 1:00 AM	Waltz Time	S	KGEI
12:30 AM— 1:30 AM	Army Hour	M	KGEI
1:00 AM— 1:15 AM	Glenn Miller	W-F	KGEI
1:00 AM— 1:15 AM	Dinah Shore	S	KGEI
1:00 AM— 1:30 AM	Command Performance	M	KWID
1:00 AM— 1:30 AM	California Melodies	T	KWID
1:00 AM— 1:30 AM	Freddy Martin	W	KWID
1:00 AM— 1:30 AM	Music for Americas	Th	KWID
1:00 AM— 1:30 AM	Minstrel Melodies	F	KWID
1:00 AM— 1:30 AM	John Freedom	S	KWID
1:00 AM— 1:30 AM	YANK SWING SESSION	Su	KWID
1:15 AM— 1:30 AM	Sports	T-S	KGEI
1:30 AM— 2:00 AM	Freddie Martin	S	KGEI
1:35 AM— 2:15 AM	Baseball Recreation	T-Su	KWID
1:30 AM— 2:30 AM	Army Hour	M	KWID
1:30 AM— 2:00 AM	Freddy Martin	Su	KGEI
1:30 AM— 2:00 AM	Tommy Dorsey	M	KGEI
1:30 AM— 2:00 AM	Matty Malneck	T	KGEI
1:30 AM— 2:00 AM	March of Time	F	KGEI
1:30 AM— 2:00 AM	Freddy Martin	S	KGEI
2:15 AM— 2:30 AM	Your Grand Stand Seat	Su	KWID
2:15 AM— 3:00 AM	Hit Parade	Su	KGEI
2:30 AM— 3:00 AM	Hour of Charm	M	KGEI
3:30 AM— 4:00 AM	Meredith Wilson	W	KGEI
3:30 AM— 4:00 AM	Grand Old Opry	Su	KGEI
3:30 AM— 4:00 AM	Star Spangled Vaudeville	M	KGEI
3:30 AM— 4:00 AM	Telephone Hour	T	KGEI
3:30 AM— 4:00 AM	Rudy Vallee	F	KGEI
3:30 AM— 4:00 AM	Goldman Band	Th	KGEI
4:15 AM— 4:30 AM	Your Grand Stand Seat	Su	KGEI
4:15 AM— 4:30 AM	Glenn Miller	W, F	KGEI
4:15 AM— 5:00 AM	Family Hour	M	KGEI
4:30 AM— 5:00 AM	Command Performance	Su	KGEI
4:30 AM— 5:00 AM	Glenn Miller	T	KGEI
4:30 AM— 5:00 AM	Information Please	W	KGEI
4:30 AM— 5:00 AM	Lower Basin Street	Th	KGEI
4:30 AM— 5:00 AM	Fanny Brice	F	KGEI
4:30 AM— 5:00 AM	Salute to Men in Service	S	KGEI
4:30 AM— 5:00 AM	YANK SWING SESSION	S	WDI
4:35 AM— 5:15 AM	Baseball Recreations	T-Su	KWID
4:30 AM— 5:30 AM	Army Hour	M	KWID
5:15 AM— 5:30 AM	Your Grand Stand Seat	Su	KWID
5:15 AM— 5:30 AM	Hi Neighbor	T, Th, S	KWID
5:15 AM— 5:30 AM	Service Men's Hop	W	KWID
5:15 AM— 5:30 AM	Henry King	F	KWID
5:30 AM— 6:00 AM	Your Blind Date	S	KGEI
5:30 AM— 6:00 AM	Tommy Dorsey	M	KGEI
5:30 AM— 6:00 AM	Matty Malneck	T	KGEI
5:30 AM— 6:00 AM	Cab Calloway	W	KGEI
5:30 AM— 6:00 AM	John Freedom	Th	KGEI
5:30 AM— 6:00 AM	March of Time	F	KGEI
5:30 AM— 6:00 AM	Cab Calloway	Su	KGEI
5:30 AM— 6:00 AM	Tommy Dorsey	Su	KWID
5:30 AM— 6:00 AM	World Action	M	KWID
5:30 AM— 6:00 AM	A & N House Party	T	KWID
5:30 AM— 6:00 AM	Freddy Martin	W	KWID
5:30 AM— 6:00 AM	Musical America	Th	KWID
5:30 AM— 6:00 AM	Minstrel Melodies	F	KWID
5:30 AM— 6:00 AM	YANK SWING SESSION	S	KWID
6:00 AM— 6:15 AM	News	Su-S	WGEO
6:00 AM— 6:30 AM	Command Performance	M	KWID
6:00 AM— 6:30 AM	Here's News from Home	T-S	KWID
6:15 AM— 6:30 AM	G.I. JIVE	M-S	WJQ
6:30 AM— 7:00 AM	Command Performance	Su	WJQ / WGEO
6:30 AM— 7:00 AM	Here's News from Home	M-S	WJQ
6:30 AM— 7:00 AM	Hour of Charm	W	WGEO
6:30 AM— 7:00 AM	March of Time	F	WGEO
6:30 AM— 7:30 AM	Army Hour	M	WGEO
6:45 AM— 7:00 AM	Your Grand Stand Seat	S	CBS
6:45 AM— 7:15 AM	Stage Door Canteen	M	CBS
6:45 AM— 7:15 AM	We, the People at War	T	CBS
6:45 AM— 7:30 AM	Family Hour	F	CBS
7:00 AM— 7:15 AM	Anzac Show	T, Th	WGEO
7:00 AM— 7:30 AM	Salute to Men in Service	Su	WGEO
7:00 AM— 7:30 AM	Sammy Kaye	T	WGEO
7:00 AM— 7:30 AM	Take It Or Leave It	W	CBS
7:00 AM— 7:30 AM	Tommy Dorsey	Th	WGEO
7:00 AM— 7:30 AM	YANK SWING SESSION	S	WGEO
7:00 AM— 7:30 AM	YANK SWING SESSION	Th	CBS
7:00 AM— 8:00 AM	Cheers From the Camps	S	CBS
7:15 AM— 7:45 AM	Melody Ranch	T	CBS
7:15 AM— 8:00 AM	Hit Parade	M	CBS
7:30 AM— 7:45 AM	Sports Roundup	Su-S	WGEO

RADIO LOG

		Beamed on
CBS		
WCBX	15,270 KC.—19.6 M	Europe and Latin America
WCRC	11,830 KC.—25.3 M	Europe and Latin America
WCDA	11,830 KC.—25.3 M / 17,830 KC.—16.8 M	Europe and Latin America
NBC		
WRCA	15,150 KC.—19.8 M / 9,670 KC.—31.02M	Europe and Latin America
WNBI	17,780 KC.—16.8 M / 11,890 KC.—25.3 M	Europe and Latin America
WBOS	15,210 KC.—19.72M / 11,870 KC.—25.26M	North Europe / Latin America
General Electric Co.		
WGEA	15,330 KC.—19.56M / 9,550 KC.—31.41M	Europe and Latin America
WGEO	9,530 KC.—31.48M	Latin America and Australia
KGEI	7,250 KC.—41.38M / 15,330 KC.—19.56M	Far East and Latin America
World Wide		
WRUL	11,790 KC.—25.4 M / 11,730 KC.—25.6 M	Europe and Latin America
WRUW	9,700 KC.—30.9 M / 17,750 KC.—16.9 M	Europe and Latin America
WRUS	6,040 KC.—49.6 M	Europe and Latin America
Independent Stations		
WLWO	11,710 KC.—25.6 M / 15,250 KC.—19.7 M	Europe and Latin America
WCW	15,850 KC.—18.9 M	Europe
WPJ	11,640 KC.—25.8 M	Africa
WJQ	10,010 KC.—30.0 M	Australia
WDJ	7,565 KC.—39.7 M	Europe
WDI	5,052 KC.—59.4 M	Europe
WDO	14,470 KC.—20.7 M	Europe and Africa
KWID	15,290 KC.—19.6 M	Far East

7:30 AM— 7:45 AM	Your Grand Stand Seat	S	WGEO
7:30 AM— 8:00 AM	Tommy Riggs	Su	CBS
7:30 AM— 8:00 AM	The First Line	W	CBS
7:30 AM— 8:00 AM	YANK SWING SESSION	S	WJQ
7:30 AM— 8:00 AM	Andre Kostelanetz	Th	CBS
8:30 AM— 9:00 AM	We Believe	Su	NBC
8:30 AM— 9:00 AM	Command Performance	Su	WJQ
9:00 AM— 9:15 AM	News	M-S	WGEA
9:00 AM— 9:15 AM	Service Serenade	T-S	NBC
9:00 AM—10:00 AM	Army Hour	M	NBC
9:00 AM—10:00 AM	Music Hall	S	KGEI
9:15 AM— 9:30 AM	Bill Stern	Su	NBC
9:15 AM— 9:30 AM	G.I. JIVE	M-S	WDO / WCW
9:15 AM— 9:30 AM	Your Grand Stand Seat	S	NBC
9:30 AM— 9:45 AM	Swing Music	M-F	WGEA
9:30 AM— 9:45 AM	Ben Bernie	M-F	CBS
9:30 AM— 9:45 AM	Your Grand Stand Seat	S	WGEA
9:30 AM—10:00 AM	Band Wagon	Su	NBC
9:30 AM—10:00 AM	Major Bowes	Su	CBS
9:30 AM—10:00 AM	Vaughn Monroe	S	CBS

9:30 AM—10:00 AM	Command Performance	Su	WDO / WCW
9:30 AM—10:00 AM	Here's News from Home	M-S	WDO / WCW
9:45 AM—10:00 AM	Sports Roundup	M-S	WGEA
10:00 AM—10:30 AM	Command Performance	Su	NBC
10:00 AM—10:30 AM	Famous Jury Trials	Th	NBC
10:00 AM—10:30 AM	YANK SWING SESSION	S	NBC
10:30 AM—11:00 AM	YANK SWING SESSION	S	WGEA
10:30 AM—11:00 AM	America Sings	Su	NBC
10:30 AM—11:00 AM	Information Please	T	NBC
10:30 AM—11:00 AM	Kay Kyser	Th	NBC
10:30 AM—11:00 AM	Schaeffer Revue	S	NBC
10:45 AM—11:45 AM	Army Hour	M	KGEI
11:00 AM—11:30 AM	Command Performance	Su	KGEI
11:00 AM—11:30 AM	Matty Malneck	T	KGEI
11:00 AM—11:30 AM	Cab Calloway	W	KGEI
11:00 AM—11:30 AM	John Freedom	Th	KGEI
11:00 AM—11:30 AM	Rudy Vallee	F	KGEI
11:00 AM—11:30 AM	Salute to Men in Service	S	KGEI
11:00 AM—11:30 AM	Barn Dance	Su	NBC
11:00 AM—11:30 AM	Fanny Brice	S	NBC
11:00 AM—11:30 AM	Voice of Firestone	T	NBC
11:30 AM—11:45 AM	Your Grand Stand Seat	Su	KGEI
11:30 AM—12:00 N	Command Performance	Su	CBS
11:30 AM—12:00 N	Truth or Consequences	Su	NBC
12:00 N — 1:00 PM	Kraft Music Hall	Su	NBC
12:30 PM— 1:00 PM	Command Performance	Su	WDO
12:30 PM— 1:00 PM	Salute to Men in Service	Su	WGEA
12:30 PM— 1:00 PM	Here's News from Home	M-S	WW / WDO
1:00 PM— 1:15 PM	News	Su-S	NBC
1:15 PM— 1:30 PM	G.I. JIVE	M-S	WDO / WPJ
1:15 PM— 1:45 PM	Johnny Presents	Su	NBC
1:15 PM— 1:45 PM	Victory Parade	M	NBC
1:15 PM— 1:45 PM	Dr. I. Q.	T	NBC
1:15 PM— 1:45 PM	Treasure Chest	W	NBC
1:15 PM— 1:45 PM	Three Ring Roundup	Th	NBC
1:15 PM— 1:45 PM	Inner Sanctum Mystery	F	NBC
1:15 PM— 1:45 PM	How Am I Doin'?	S	NBC
1:30 PM— 2:00 PM	Command Performance	Su	WGEA
1:30 PM— 2:00 PM	Swing Music	S	WW
1:45 PM— 2:15 PM	Here's News from Home	M-S	WBOS
3:00 PM— 3:15 PM	News	M-S	WGEA
3:00 PM— 3:30 PM	Command Performance	Su	WCW / WPJ
3:00 PM— 3:30 PM	Here's News from Home	M-S	WCW / WPJ
3:15 PM— 3:30 PM	Sports Roundup	M-S	WGEA
5:00 PM— 5:30 PM	March of Time	F	WGEO
5:15 PM— 5:45 PM	Command Performance	Su	WLWO
5:15 PM— 5:45 PM	Here's News From Home	M-S	WLWO
5:30 PM— 5:45 PM	Variety	T	WW
5:30 PM— 5:45 PM	Weekly Sport Review	Th	WW
5:45 PM— 6:00 PM	G.I. JIVE	M-F	WLWO
5:45 PM— 6:15 PM	YANK SWING SESSION	S	WLWO
6:15 PM— 6:45 PM	YANK SWING SESSION	S	WW
6:00 PM— 6:30 PM	Command Performance	Su	WW
6:30 PM— 7:00 PM	Command Performance	Su	WGEA / WGEO / WJQ
6:30 PM— 7:00 PM	Hour of Charm	M	WGEO
6:30 PM— 7:00 PM	Salute to Men in Service	S	WGEA / WGEO
6:30 PM— 7:00 PM	YANK SWING SESSION	S	WCW / WDO
7:00 PM— 7:15 PM	News	Su-S	WBOS
7:15 PM— 7:45 PM	Command Performance	Su	WBOS
7:30 PM— 7:45 PM	Wendy Davis, Sports	M-S	WBOS
7:45 PM— 8:00 PM	Your Grand Stand Seat	Su	WBOS
7:45 PM— 8:00 PM	G.I. JIVE	MsS	WBOS
7:50 PM— 8:00 PM	Jim Britt, Sports	M-F	WW
8:00 PM— 8:15 PM	Your Grand Stand Seat	S	WGEA / WGEO
8:00 PM— 8:30 PM	Command Performance	Su	KGEI
8:00 PM— 8:30 PM	March of Time	F	KGEI / WGEO
9:15 PM— 9:45 PM	Command Performance	Su	CBS / WLWO
9:45 PM—10:00 PM	Your Grand Stand Seat	S	KGEI
10:00 PM—11:00 PM	Army Hour	Su	KGEI
10:00 PM—10:30 PM	Salute to Men in Service	S	KGEI
10:45 PM—11:00 PM	Your Grand Stand Seat	S	WLWO
11:00 PM—11:15 PM	News	Su-S	NBC
11:15 PM—11:30 PM	Joe Hasel, Sports	M-F	NBC
11:15 PM—11:45 PM	Command Performance	Su	NBC
11:15 PM—11:45 PM	YANK SWING SESSION	S	NBC
11:30 PM—12:00 PM	Victory Parade	M	NBC

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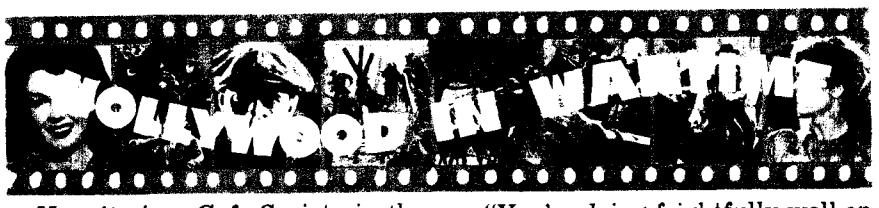

Now it gives Cafe Society in the Army. With gin rummy, yet!

There was an item in a New York column the other day which said that "Incidentally the AEF, among other things, took the gin rummy craze to Britain."

That is very interesting. What the hell is gin rummy? The only place it's come to the general attention of the enlisted personnel has been the cafe society pieces in the paper. We don't have cafe society around here, Or do we?

Just Like El Morocco

Let us take you now to an exclusive and cozy little bistro called The Busted Bottle, which is just outside our camp and is quite a hangout for the social cognoscenti of the service detachment. This fashionable spot is known for the excellence of its cuisine, which ranges all the way from hamburgers to fried-egg sandwiches, and for its stocks of choice liqueurs, which consist of beer, beer, beer and ale.

In a dimly lighted and intimate corner of the cafe lounge, a little nook over behind the jukebox, we find two of the lions of saloon society, Pfc. Lucius B. Zerbe and Pvt. John (Shipwreck) Cassini. They are with the ranking debutantes of the service detachment crowd, two chic sisters known as Scratch Murphy and One-Eyed Maggie McGillicuddy, both habitues of The Busted Bottle.

Shipwreck Cassini, who is dealing the cards for a game of gin

"Er, ah, I'm the Special Services Officer, Miss Corio. Would you mind putting something on for the boys?"

rummy, signals the waiter for another bottle of beer.

"This section is getting frightfully demode," he says. "There hasn't been a decent floorshow anywhere since they padlocked the Acme Hamburger Stand."

No More Blackjack

"Quit picking your nose, dearie," says Maggie, smiling dewily over the rim of her glass. "Let's get on with the game."

Maggie is being noble. Like all the others, she is bored by the endless rounds of fashionable places. Cafe society isn't what it was in the Old Army. There is nothing but gin rummy now.

"How is the shooting up your way, Lucius?" asks Shipwreck.

"I was cleaned out last payday," says Zerbe, with just the right sigh. "That dreadful de Cicco had hypnotized the dice!"

"You're doing frightfully well on the gin rummy," says Scratch. "This makes 55 coca-cola stoppers you have won since we started."

"Don't look now," says Cassini, not pointing, "but there's that Googie Vanderbilt — coming in a black tie! Can you imagine!"

Sounds Like the Stork

The beer still hasn't come, so Maggie trips the waiter, who is the only waiter there and really is no waiter at all, for that matter. The waiter gives her the back of his hand and she knocks the ketchup into Cassini's lap.

Cassini thinks it was done by Scratch Murphy, so he lets her have a glass of water in the face. The table is knocked over by their playful raillery and the cards are scattered all over the floor.

All four are thrown out by the proprietress, who has been standing by, picking her teeth. So they go down to the Big Frank hot-dog stand, where they start the gin rummy game all over again. Zerbe and Cassini never know when they might be sent to the African bush country and have to take the craze to the gookas around there.

Americans will do anything to spread culture over the world. Even if it means learning a card game most of them have never heard of before. Cafe society is cafe society.

And Hollywood Is Hollywood

Hollywood is working overtime to film an opus on the WAAC's. Universal Studios has scheduled a little something called "Women's Army"; RKO has "Petticoat Army" on its list; and M-G-M has writer Anita Loos out at Fort Des Moines getting background for "Women in Uniform" which will star newly-married Joan Crawford.

Navy Copies Berlin

Rita Hayworth (warm in here, isn't it?) is doing another picture with Fred Astaire. As soon as the shooting's over she'll take off on a six week tour of Army camps. And in service entertainment the Irving Berlin-Ezra Stone show, "This Is The Army," is making such a hit that the Navy's said to be looking for enlisted talent to put on a show of its own. Rudy Vallee, meanwhile, is due to join the Air Forces, but he'll continue his show with Army permission and turn over proceeds to USO.

Mike Todd, producer, whose "Star and Garter" makes an honest woman out of burlesque (well, pretty honest), is taking no more chances with his star stripperoo, Gypsy Rose Lee. He's got four different standins ready to pinch-hit should Gyp's overexposure lay her low with a cold in the haid. Georgia Sothern will do Gyp's strips, Elenora Hayes knows her lines, Helen Hudson and Adele Jurgens know the skits, as you probably do too.

An added attraction for your nickel to the newsie, you can find out about the draft board story that's supposed to be a favorite with General Hershey. Guy goes to draft board. Passes physical. They ask him if he has anything to add to his medical history. Says Joe Private-to-be, "Well, my mother was frightened by a broken juke box and I'm not exactly, not exactly, not exactly, not exactly. . . ."

Ann Miller, Now Blonde, Wants to Entertain A.E.F.

Ann Miller would like to take her long, beautiful dancing legs overseas to entertain G.I.'s.

Ann Miller is a blonde now. She was a brunette. Either way she keeps eyes open wide when she taps fast to rhumbas, to sambas, to any music or to no music at all.

Ann Miller and her new blonde hair.

She played camp shows before.

"At Shelby in Mississippi I came down with something they called the Shelby Cough from dust I got in my throat on the range. I shot a machine gun there and I got some bullseyes."

The boys liked her at camps.

At Albuquerque, New Mexico, they named a searchlight battery after her. She was down there for a premiere of "Too Many Girls" before the bombs were even on their way to Pearl Harbor.

"There were pictures and receptions and everything," she said in her dressing room backstage at the Paramount on Times Square. "They named the battery the 'Annie Millers.' It was fun and good publicity and so on."

The "Annie Millers" didn't rest in Albuquerque. They went on to Bataan. And then they went on to Tokyo.

"I had one letter while they were still there fighting," Ann Miller said. "They wanted pictures and things."

She's trying to get some word to them, to get them the pictures they want. She isn't too hopeful.

"They say Red Cross can see that prisoners get things, but I just don't trust those Japs."

Overseas Ann Miller would have a hard time getting the sheer opera length silks that set off her legs. But sheer opera length silks are hard to get anywhere now and she still wants to go overseas.

"One more picture in Hollywood. This 'Life of Marilyn Miller,' I hope —that's what I went blonde for— and then I want camp show work where it will really do some good, where the men are lonely and need entertainment.

"Tell them, when you write, that I'll be seeing them."

Hitler, Mussolini Blast Axis, Praise Americans

NEW YORK—Hitler, Mussolini and Yamamoto went on the radio recently as guests of N.B.C.'s "Army Hour" and not one of them had a good word for the Axis.

Because they are all common, ordinary American soldiers. Private Fred M. Mussolini of the Air Force at Buckley Field, Col., summed up their feelings pretty well when he said he wanted to drop a bomb on his Fascist namesake to "pay back for all the ribbing I get."

Sgt. Louis Hitler of Fort Knox said, "No matter what our names are, we've got to win this war and win it quick."

Pvt. Shirosi Yamamoto at Fort Riley, Kan., made it politely plain that he was no relation of the Jap war lord.

How D'Ya Mail Candy Overseas on Microfilm

NEW YORK—You can't chew a photograph of a stick of gum and get much jaw exercise out of it.

This is the idea Lieut. Lyle A. Brookover, custodian of the Army's overseas V-mail, would like to get across.

V-mail has been set up to photograph letters, written on special forms, for overseas correspondence. It's quicker and more certain than ordinary overseas postal service.

But people still haven't caught on the requirements of V-mail. Every day Lieut. Brookover is flooded with candy, pictures, letters not on the correct form, crimson lip-prints, none of which can be transmitted on microfilm.

They go out to Australia, Iceland or Europe the regular slow way and the well-meaning senders wonder why an answer takes so long returning.

CAGNEY GIVES LAND TO ARMY

CAMP EDWARDS, Mass.—James Cagney, the movie star, and W. Cameron Forbes, ex-Ambassador to Japan, have turned over their estates of 6,500 acres on Martha's Vineyard and Naushon Island to the Army for maneuvers.

SALLY WADSWORTH, selected last year as the typical Hollywood High School girl, is now cutting quite a figure as an RKO movie actress.

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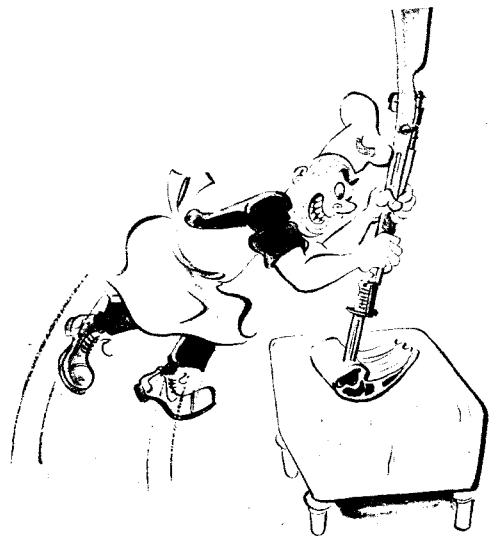
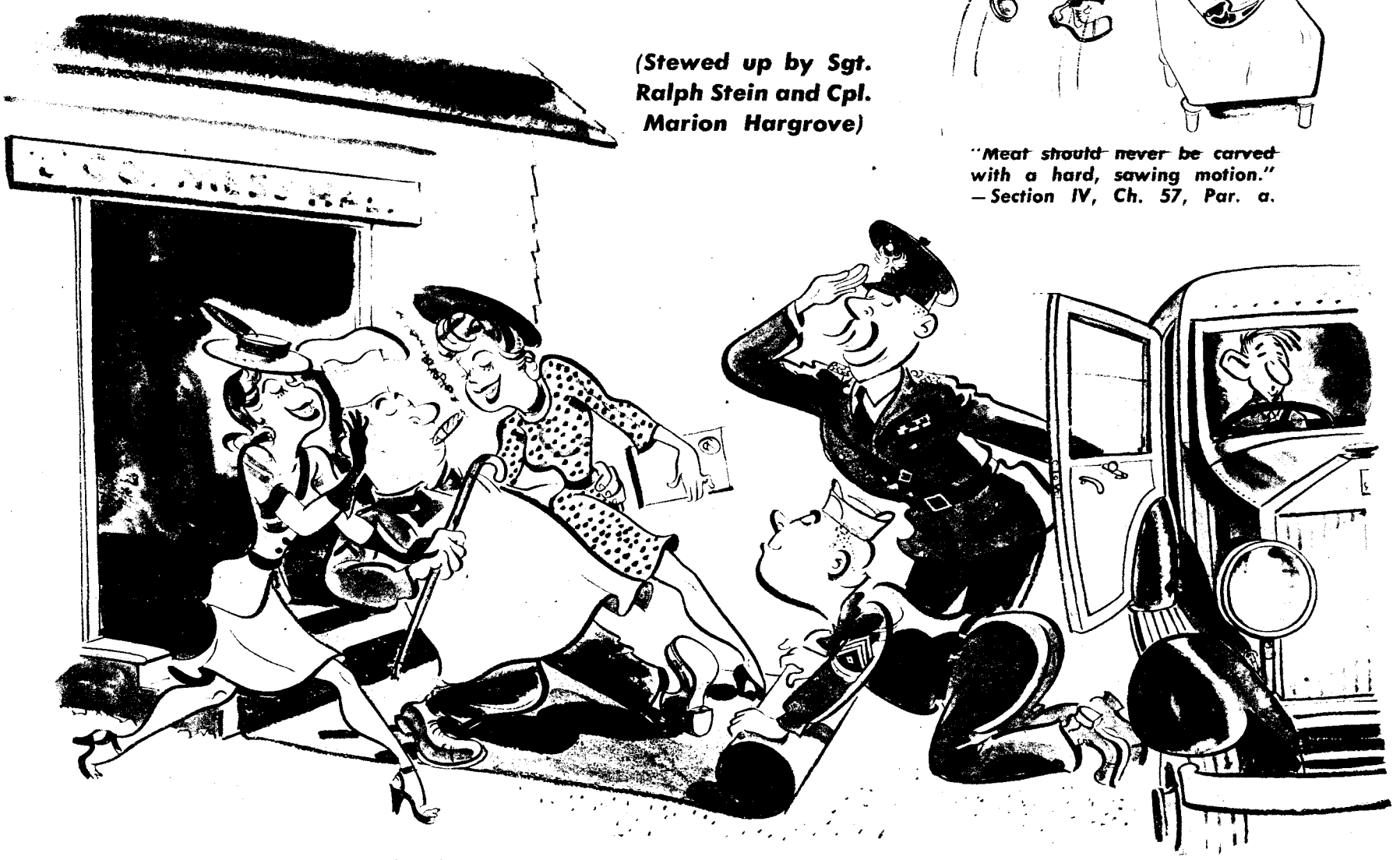
THE Army Cook

. . . SOLDIER AND ARTIST

(Stewed up by Sgt. Ralph Stein and Cpl. Marion Hargrove)



"Meat should never be carved with a hard, sawing motion." —Section IV, Ch. 57, Par. a.



"Cooks who perfect themselves in their art are always in demand, and many have acquired wealth and fame."—Section 1, Ch. 2, (Importance of Cooking).

THE Army Cook is a weirdly complicated and highly sensitive mechanism which turns out the soldier's daily bread and pours creamed beef over it. He has in his head or in his cookbook at least 1,000 recipes, of which 950 call for potatoes, Irish.

He works from 4 o'clock in the morning to whatever time he can get off at night. If he is a lucky cook, he works one day and rests two. On his days off, he lies in his room eating cookies, or hangs around the service club crowing about his cooking to the senior hostess.

The cook holds his place of distinction because of his superior knowledge, most of which came from Training Manual 10-405, "The Army Cook." To him, TM 10-405 is an inspiration and a lamp to light his pathway.

This is what TM 10-405 teaches the Army cook: "There is no limit to what can be done to improve a mess by thought and care in seasoning, attractive serving, and inventing new combinations and mixtures of foods. The pleasant task of cooking becomes doubly interesting to the cook who is not satisfied with merely cooking well, but takes advantage of every opportunity of finding new and pleasing ways to prepare foods. To him cooking is not just a task—it is a pleasure."

No man can know the way those words ring gaily through a cook's heart as he goes about his work each morning, creaming his beef and toasting his toast.

"Good cooking," he reads, "is recognized the world over as a fine art, and a good cook commands respect. Cooks who perfect themselves in their art are always in demand, and many have acquired wealth and fame."

As the cook gains experience and uses his imagination, he is able to produce each day culinary triumphs surpassing those of the day before. The cook reads and profits. He puts another can of pepper in his 20 gallons of mashed potatoes and the men rise up to call him blessed.

Without TM 10-405, the cook's life would be aimless and devoid of perfection. With it, he knows that when he throws his spare-ribs into the pot, he is doing more than cooking them. He is making available a greater portion of nutritive value, he is developing new flavors and he is, by the grace of TM 10-405, destroying micro-organisms.

No matter how much he is reviled and persecuted, the cook is happy. He knows that "in its modern aspects, cooking is both an art and a science. It is an art because it requires special skill in design, color, attractive form, and service. It is a science because exact knowledge is necessary. . . ."

Thus far the words of TM 10-405. It is the cook's only champion, his only friend, the only thing that ever has a kind word for him.

"The pleasant task of cooking becomes doubly interesting to the cook who . . . takes advantage of every opportunity of finding new and pleasant ways to prepare food. To him, cooking is not just a task—it is a pleasure."—Section I, Chapter 1, (General).

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ARE YOU IN HERE?—This big crowd attended the first baseball game played in Ireland since 1917, between two Army teams. The G.I.'s shown below didn't have a bench to sit on between innings and used somebody's kitchen chairs instead.

Notre Dame, Chicago Bears Work Triple Reverse With Hayes School

NEW YORK—Notre Dame, the Chicago Bears and Cardinal Hayes High School have worked a three-cornered football trade.

Coach Frank Leahy of Notre Dame took Bob Snyder away from the Bears recently to coach his Irish freshmen. Snyder was to be Sid Luckman's alternate in the crucial Chicago professional quarterback spot, a position that requires an expert kicker and passer, and his departure left Coach George Halas in somewhat of a predicament.

Bears Get O'Rourke

But Leahy fixed him up. One of the few available football players capable of filling the important hole in the Bears' backfield is Charlie O'Rourke, the triple threat from Leahy's great Boston College Sugar Bowl eleven of 1941.

O'Rourke, however, was all signed up to a coaching contract at New York's Cardinal Hayes High School.

The Bears waved a lucrative offer and he agreed to give up the security of his coaching job and play professionally. Leahy, returning the Bears' gift of Snyder, supplied Cardinal Hayes HS with another young big name coach to replace O'Rourke, Bernie Crimmins, the Notre Dame All-American guard from last fall's Irish team.

Everybody Happy

So now everybody's happy. Notre Dame has Snyder, the Bears have O'Rourke and Cardinal Hayes has Crimmins.

O'Rourke is expected to fit well into Halas' attack next season. An excellent passer and punter and also a shifty runner, he is ideal handling the ball in the T formation. Furthermore, he has a wife and three months old child and isn't likely to be drafted soon.

Dizzy's Brother Paul Makes Strong Comeback

HOUSTON, Tex.—Paul (Daffy) Dean, younger of the Dean brothers who hurled the St. Louis Cards to a world series title in 1933, is making a big comeback with Houston in the Texas League.

Although he lacks the speed he once had, Paul has won 13 games this season with perfect control and a sweet change of pace.

It Took 30 Minutes To Walk This Batter

SCRANTON, PA.—The count was 3 and 2 on the batter, Leon Culberson of Scranton, in an Eastern League night game here but he didn't draw a base on balls until a half hour later.

A state black-out test went into effect as the pitcher was winding up for the next throw and he had to wait 30 minutes for an all-clear signal before hurling the ball up to the plate.

Wade Picks Army Grid Coaching Aide

WASHINGTON — Cliff Battles, former Washington Redskin backfield ace and assistant to Lou Little at Columbia, has been selected by Major Wallace Wade to help coach the Western division of the All-Army football team that will play National Professional League teams in a series of eight games for Army Emergency Relief.

Battles has been given a leave of absence until Sept. 20 by Columbia officials and he will join Wade and the western squad when they open training sessions at Santa Maria, Cal., the first week in August.

The Eastern squad under the direction of Col. Bob Neyland will start practicing at the same time, probably at West Point, N. Y.

The Western team will play five games. It opens against the Washington Redskins at Los Angeles Aug. 28 and then meets the Chicago Cardinals at Denver Sept. 6, the Detroit Lions at Detroit Sept. 9, Green Bay at Milwaukee Sept. 13 and the New York Giants at Syracuse Sept. 20.

The Eastern section has three games, New York Giants at New York Sept. 12, Brooklyn at Jersey City Sept. 16 and Chicago Bears at Boston Sept. 20.

Shut Out, Derby Winner, Takes Arlington Classic

CHICAGO — Mrs. Payne Whitney's Shut Out, winner of the Kentucky Derby and the Belmont Stakes, galloped ahead of a strong field in the rich Arlington Classic to clinch the three-year old championship of the American turf.

Successfully eluding a jinx that had kept such favorites in the past as Johnstown, Bimelich and Whirlaway from winning this biggest money race for three-year olds, Shut Out added $69,700 to the bankroll he has accumulated for his owner to boost his 1942 earnings to $218,447.

Only a defeat by Alsab in the Preakness at Pimlico last spring mars the record of the son of the famous Equipoise in the top three-year old races. Alsab, injured a month before the Classic, was not entered by his owner, Al Sabath.

Eddie Arcaro rode Shut Out over the mile and a quarter in 2.01 2/5, equalling Omaha's record for the event.

CUBS GET DICK ERRICKSON

CHICAGO—The Chicago Cubs have obtained Pitcher Richard Merriwell Errickson from the Boston Braves via the waiver route. Errickson, 28 years old and a right hander, was one of the hurling mainstays of the lowly Braves, until he slumped this season.

TALK SHOP—Sgt. Bob Lange of Iowa and Pvt. Vernon Kohler of Cincinnati, who pitched in the Irish baseball game. Both boys had trials with Cleveland before joining the Army.

Speaker Feels Better — McNair Will Play For Connie Mack

Baseball's all-time center field great, **Tris Speaker**, is on the mend after an intestinal operation that came close to striking out the old "Gray Eagle". . . **Eric McNair** told Clark Griffith of the Washington Senators to save the money he was going to lay out to the Detroit Tigers for him because he (McNair) was washed up. Then the Tigers sold McNair to his old team, the Philadelphia A's, and McNair agreed to play for Connie Mack. "Any American League team but the Senators for me," said the veteran infielder . . . **Bob Sweiger**, Minnesota fullback last year, received a check for $1.50 from a movie studio which used his name in a picture starring the exploits of the Navy's Bruce Smith, ex-Gopher captain.

The grid edition of the Brooklyn Dodgers signed Oregon's southpaw triple threat artist, **Curtis Mecham**, to a contract . . . For the first time in its history the National Boxing Federation re-elected its president, **Abe Greene**, to a second term.

Cardinal scout **Wid Matthews** was trailed to the New Orleans Pelican ball park to be handed his induction notice . . . **Tom Chapman**, Iowa's basketball captain-elect, is helping construct defense bases in Alaska and may not be back in time to play on next year's team . . . **Billy Herman** and **Joe Medwick** of the Dodgers have passed the 1,000 mark in runs scored during their major-league careers.

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SPORTS: THIS GOLF BATTLE MIGHT MAKE A GOOD ABBOTT-COSTELLO MOVIE

BY CPL. JOE MCCARTHY

This is supposed to be a golf story but it sounds more like something out of the second act of Hellzapoppin.

Back in the vague, misty days before Feb. 21, 1941, when your correspondent sold his mashie, niblick and grey flannel slacks to the rag man and reported to his local draft board, golf was just something that you did for a couple of hours Saturday afternoon before sitting down in the locker room and ordering a Rum Collins.

But it isn't as simple as that any more. Take, for instance, the recent Tam O'Shanter tournament staged at Chicago under the direction of a mad genius named George S. May.

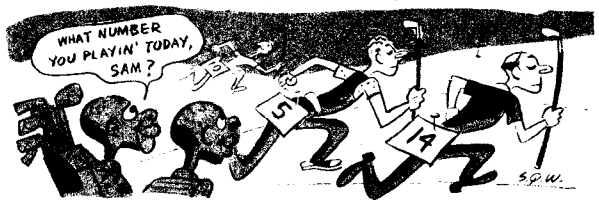
Plenty of Confusion

At least, they said his name was George S. May but the goings-on during the week of the Tam O'Shanter tournament seemed to suggest that the entire production was conceived, produced and directed by Groucho Marx or Jerry Collona.

First of all, nobody could find the right words to describe the tournament. It was a $15,000 open but at the same time there was an All-American amateur championship in progress and the spectators didn't know who was playing in what. But it didn't make much difference, because the players didn't know either. One of the amateurs got into a pro foursome by mistake and went 12 holes with them before he discovered that they were playing medal and he was supposed to be in a semi-final round of match play.

It was also reported that Ben Hogan, endeavoring at one point to play a dog leg on the 17th hole, found himself in Comiskey Park playing the leg of Wally Moses, the White Sox right fielder.

Moses appeared quite startled by the incident but recovered his poise quickly and enjoyed a pleasant chat with Hogan, finding out to the sur-



prise of both of them that 15 years ago in Texas they had attended different schools together.

Play-Off in Darkness

In the meantime, Gus Moreland finished his morning match with John Phillips of Highland, Ind., at 17 minutes past four in the evening and seven professionals lit matches in the darkness of the first tee to play off for the one remaining vacancy in the open tournament, each of them having scored 82 in the qualifying round during the day.

But the pay-off came later in the week when May insisted that all the pros wear numbers on their backs.

"Football and baseball players wear numbers," he said. "Track stars and race horses wear numbers. And the golfers around here are going to wear numbers, too, if they want to collect expense money."

Joe Kirkwood, the trick shot artist who can hit an egg 400 yards with a Number 6 iron and make it land on the caddy master's head, fried sunnyside up with bacon and hashed brown potatoes, flatly refused to participate under those conditions.

"They are not going to get my number," Kirkwood muttered with a knowing look. "I will see my lawyer about this."

Numbers on the Beam

The rest of the pros didn't want to wear numbers, either, because they claimed it interfered with their back swing, not to mention spoiling the

The wife congratulates Cpl. Bud Ward after he won the Tam O' Shanter Amateur championship.

appearance of expensive gabardine and linen shirts.

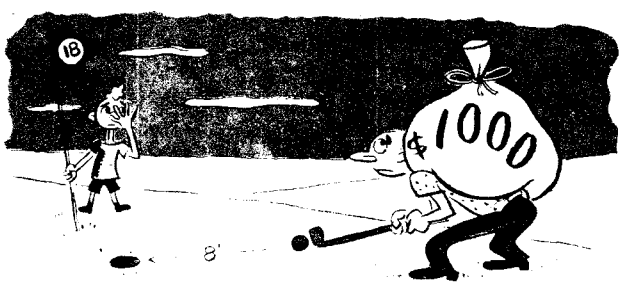
So they compromised by wearing the numbers pinned to the seats of their pants.

Then, on the semi-final round of open medal play, Byron Nelson went *a total* of five under par on three successive holes, shooting a birdie, an eagle and, finally on the 11th, a hole-in-one when his tee shot landed 20 feet from the cup, took two bounces past it and turned around and came back in.

On the 18th green, Nelson had an 8 foot putt to make for a 64, one stroke under the course record. Just as he was bending over to hit the ball, May rushed up and whispered in his ear, "I'll give you a thousand dollars if you sink it." He missed.

Eating ice cream afterwards, Nelson said, "I just can't get keyed up over this tournament."

The next day, he blew a five stroke lead and wound up in a tie with Clayton Heafner because the crowd of 30,000 spectators wouldn't give him room to swing. He parred the first hole and birdied the second but, on the third, he swung and his iron just missed the chin of a young lady standing di-



rectly in back of him. She fainted and Nelson almost did, too. From then on, he was just a shadow of his former self.

But May made the shadow wear a number on its pants, too.

Oh, yes. One of our own G.I.'s, Corporal Marvin "Bud" Ward, won the amateur championship. It ended sometime the day before. Nobody knew exactly when.

Schnoz Lombardi Stages Comeback

BOSTON — Big Ernie "The Schnoz" Lombardi is making one of the finest comebacks in the major leagues.

Waived down the river to the lowly Boston Braves last winter after a couple of bum seasons with the Cincinnati Reds, Lombardi has taken a new lease on life—and that big bat of his— to crowd Pete Reiser for the leadership in the National League individual batting race.

Considered Washed-Up

Being among the leading hitters is not new to the "Schnoz." In 1938 he led the league in batting and upon several other occasions finished among the top five. At the start of this season, his lifetime average was a respectable .310.

But the big catcher was considered all washed up at the end of last year. His bat had failed to boom regularly and his 1941 average had fallen to an all-time low of .264.

The experts said he never had recovered from the nightmare of the 1939 world series when he lay frozen on the ground with the ball at his side while Yankees sprinted by him and across home plate.

Stengel Gambles

When the Reds sought waivers, on Lombardi, only Casey Stengel of the Braves would gamble with this 34-year-old veteran of 12 seasons in the majors.

"Schnoz" has more than justified Stengel's confidence in him. His average all season has hovered around the .350 mark. And back in Cincinnati, Manager Bill McKechnie, with a good pitching staff, is still searching for a man to hit over .290.

Don't Look Now, But Old Van Lingle's Back Again

NEW YORK—Van Lingle Mungo, former eccentric pitcher for the Brooklyn Dodgers, is back in the majors again, this time with the New York Giants. The Giants bought Mungo, who won ten games and lost three this year, from Minneapolis of the American Association in a straight cash deal.

To make room for the big right hander, New York optioned Dave Koslo, southpaw pitcher, to Jersey City on a 24-hour recall basis.

SHOULDA STOOD IN BED

PHILADELPHIA—Clyde McCullough, Chicago Cubs catcher, smacked out three successive home runs in a game against the Phillies here, but the bases were empty each time and the Cubs lost, 4 to 3.

CALIFORNIA LICKS N. Y. IN ERIN

BELFAST, IRELAND—The California Eagles defeated the New York Lions, 9 to 6, in an Army baseball game here before 6,000.

INTERNATIONAL LEAGUE
(July 27)

	W.	L.	Pct.		W.	L.	Pct.
Newark	59	41	.590	Buffalo	51	50	.505
Jersey City	53	45	.541	Baltimore	46	51	.474
Toronto	54	47	.535	Syracuse	47	57	.452
Montreal	53	50	.515	Rochester	40	62	.392

SOUTHERN ASSOCIATION
(July 27)

	W.	L.	Pct.		W.	L.	Pct.
Litte Rock	57	43	.570	Chattanooga	48	46	.511
Nashville	58	48	.547	Memphis	51	50	.505
Atlanta	57	43	.538	Birmingham	49	53	.480
New Orleans	53	49	.520	Knoxville	41	66	.383

PACIFIC COAST LEAGUE
(July 27)

	W.	L.	Pct.		W.	L.	Pct.
Los Angeles	70	43	.619	San Francisco	57	55	.509
Sacramento	68	47	.591	Hollywood	51	67	.432
Seattle	61	52	.540	Oakland	49	66	.426
San Diego	60	57	.513	Portland	41	70	.369

Major Leagues Consider Overseas Barnstorm Tour

NEW YORK—Baseball heads are considering a proposal to send two major league all-star teams on a barnstorming tour of A.E.F. overseas posts after the World Series.

Planned by Ed Cochrane, INS sportswriter, it calls for teams to travel by transport plane.

(July 27)

	W.	L.	Pct.		W.	L.	Pct.
Milwaukee	56	46	.549	Indianapolis	50	52	.490
Kansas City	54	46	.540	Toledo	49	53	.480
Columbus	52	45	.536	Louisville	48	52	.480
Minneapolis	54	50	.519	St. Paul	42	61	.408

TEXAS LEAGUE
(July 27)

	W.	L.	Pct.		W.	L.	Pct.
Beaumont	60	40	.600	Houston	52	50	.510
Ft. Worth	58	48	.547	Tulsa	52	54	.491
Shreveport	57	50	.533	Okla. City	48	64	.402
San Antonio	55	49	.529	Dallas	41	63	.394

Roosevelt Names League Head as Specialist Director

COLUMBUS, O.—George (Red) Trautman, president of the American Ass'n Baseball League, has been recommended to the Senate by FDR as director of the Army Specialist Corps in the Fifth Service Command. He is expected to finish the season as league prexy.

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Giants, Reds Steal Dodger Thunder

Third Place Fight Shoves Bums From National League Spotlight

NEW YORK—The see-saw battle between the Giants and Reds for third place in the National League standings temporarily stole the show from the pace-setting Dodgers and the second-place Cardinals at the end of the fourth week of July.

The Giants picked up four full games on the Reds in one week to pass them into third place. Then the Reds invaded the Polo Grounds and proceeded to whip Mel Ott's boys in three out of four games before big crowds to regain the show spot in the pennant race.

The strong showing of the Giants, fighting all season to stay around .500 mark, was a surprise to everyone. They have been without the services of their ace flinger, Cliff Melton, and on paper figured to be not better than a second-division ball club.

Young Shines

Prime reason for their surge was Ott's decision to go all out for power in his lineup, shifting Babe Young from his warm spot on the bench to center field. Young was the regular Giants' first sacker until Johnny Mize joined the team this season.

The transplanted first baseman made Ott look good by knocking out three home runs during the week, two of them directly responsible for Giant victories.

The Dodgers increased their lead over the Cardinals to seven full games as they chalked up six wins in seven starts at Ebbets Field.

St. Louis won four out of five and were waiting for their crucial three-game series at Brooklyn to whittle down that big margin.

Yankees Increase Lead

In the American League, the red-hot Yankees finally had their winning streak stopped at Cleveland after 11 straight, but they moved over to Detroit and began another by sweeping a three-game series. With the Boston Red Sox continuing their slump at Chicago and St. Louis, the Yankees had increased their lead to 13 games, highest of the season.

The Red Sox managed to stay in second place but only by the slender margin of two percentage points over the Indians as the teams were deadlocked in games.

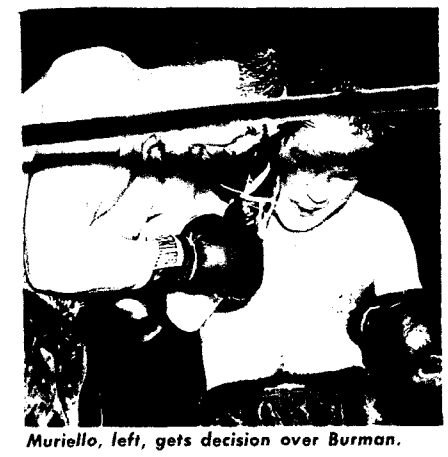
Luke Sewell's St. Louis Browns drew closer to Boston and Cleveland's place by whittling down the margin to three games, a gain of two games for the week. The Brownies helped their cause by winning three out of four clashes with the Red Sox.

Washington and Philadelphia are waging a hide and seek battle for the cellar spot in the American League. The two teams are way out of the Yankee world, 30 games to the rear of the leaders, but they are having an interesting time passing each other almost daily.

Latest count had the Senators a half game ahead of the A's in games won and lost, but percentages put the A's one point ahead.

STEVENSON WINS N. Y. AMATEUR

NIAGARA FALLS — Alex Stevenson, 21-year-old chemical plant clerk, won the New York state amateur golf championship from Ray Billows, defending titleist, by a 5 and 4 score.


Muriello, left, gets decision over Burman.

Mauriello Latest Heavyweight Hope

NEW YORK—Promoter Mike Jacobs' latest candidate for Cpl. Joe Louis' almost defunct "Bum of the Month" club is Tami Mauriello, 20-year old Bronx battler.

Mauriello, undefeated in a year's campaigning among the big boys, first zoomed into the fistic big time by holding the heavily favored Bob Pastor to a draw last May.

His latest Garden triumph, a nine-round technical kayo of the veteran Red Burman, has now earned him a bout with Lee Savold in the Garden, with the winner getting the doubtful honor of a shot at Louis soon, if it can be arranged.

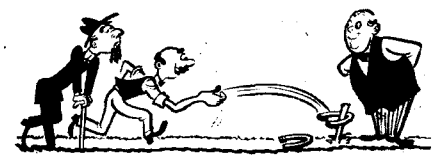
But the 10,000 spectators who watched the Garden's first fight show of the summer do not give Mauriello much of a chance against the champ, should they ever meet. Burman gave the Bronx Italian plenty of trouble in the early rounds.

And if Burman can hit Tami, Louis will moider 'im, they say along Jacobs Beach.

SCHROEDER AND WOOD WIN

SEABRIGHT, N. J. — Ted Schroeder of Glendale, Cal. and the veteran Sidney Wood of New York teamed up to win the 54th annual doubles tournament of the Seabright Lawn Tennis and Cricket Club.

HOME TOWN SPORT NEWS



WILMINGTON, Del. — Hank Talmo defeated Tony Bonafacino, 2 and 1, in the first round finals of the St. Anthony Catholic Handicap golf tournament . . . Percy Burns, Negro middleweight, denied taking a "runout powder" from a match with Jimmy Quigley of Philadelphia. Burns kayoed the Philadelphia battler in their first match and then cancelled the return go because of an illness.

RENO, Nev.—*The Reno Garage nine with heavy hitting Bill Wickert is set for a stretch drive in the local semi-pro league . . ."Oakie" Smith has 21 hits in 33 times at the plate for a .636 average to lead Sagebrush League batters. Smith's Blondy's Bar team is currently on top of the loop . . . Jink Piazzo of the Reno 20-30 team and Italo Cecchi of the Nevada Packers in the American Softball League are Army bound.*

ENID, Okla.—Hump Daniells, Perry High grid mentor, is spending his summer vacation coaching the Perry Merchants nine . . . Ray Hunnicutt, slugging short fielder of the Enidairs, has been sworn into the Army Air Corps.

GREEN BAY, Wis. — *Friends presented Nick Kamzic, Blue Jay shortstopper, with a purse full of dough in his farewell game before joining the Army . . . The Packers will be joined in pre-season grid practice in Wisconsin this year by the Chicago Bears, Chicago Cardinals, Philadelphia Eagles and New York Giants.*

WASHINGTON—Mrs. David H. Henderson of Country Club won the Class A and Mrs. W. F. Kerr of Prince Georges the Class B titles in the Washington Post women's golf tournament . . . Capital City All-Stars swamped the F. B. I., 11 to 1, to capture the first half title of the Recreation Girls Softball League. Gwin Herbert and Dot Needham collaborated in a no-hit pitching performance for the winners.

MAJOR LEAGUE STANDINGS (AS OF JULY 27)

(YANK'S big circulation forces it to press a week before publication date and therefore readers in the U.S. will find these standings old stuff. They are printed for men overseas who never get daily sport news and are glad to see how the leagues are doing, even if figures are not up to the minute.)

NATIONAL LEAGUE

	Brooklyn	St. Louis	Cincinnati	New York	Chicago	Pittsburgh	Boston	Philadelphia	Won	Lost	Percentage	Games behind
Brooklyn	—	6	13	6	12	11	9	10	67	28	.705	—
St. Louis	7	—	5	11	8	6	11	11	59	34	.634	7
Cincinnati	5	6	—	7	4	8	12	8	50	44	.532	16½
New York	5	4	10	—	7	10	7	6	49	46	.516	18
Chicago	3	4	6	7	—	7	8	11	46	51	.474	22
Pittsburgh	4	4	3	7	5	—	9	10	42	50	.457	23½
Boston	2	6	2	5	10	4	—	10	39	60	.394	30
Phila.	2	4	5	3	5	4	4	—	27	66	.290	39
Games lost	28	34	44	46	51	50	60	66	—	—		

AMERICAN LEAGUE

	New York	Boston	Cleveland	St. Louis	Detroit	Chicago	Philadelphia	Washington	Won	Lost	Percentage	Games behind
New York	—	7	11	9	10	12	8	9	66	29	.695	—
Boston	4	—	7	8	10	9	6	9	53	42	.558	13
Cleveland	6	5	—	6	5	8	13	12	55	44	.556	13
St. Louis	4	9	6	—	5	8	12	8	52	47	.525	16
Detroit	7	4	8	7	—	6	8	7	47	52	.475	21
Chicago	3	7	3	4	5	—	9	9	40	54	.426	25½
Phila.	4	6	4	6	7	7	—	5	40	63	.388	30
Wash'gton	1	4	5	7	10	4	7	—	38	60	.388	29½
Games lost	29	42	44	47	52	54	63	60	—	—		

LEAGUE LEADERS
(As of July 27)

BATTERS

NATIONAL LEAGUE

Player and club	G.	AB.	R.	H.	Pct.
Reiser, Brooklyn	80	311	67	110	.354
Lombardi, Boston	73	209	22	71	.340
Medwick, Brooklyn	90	350	47	115	.329
Musial, St. Louis	81	271	55	86	.318
Fletcher, Pittsburgh	87	297	56	93	.313

AMERICAN LEAGUE

Williams, Boston	93	324	80	114	.352
Gordon, New York	88	327	45	110	.336
Doerr, Boston	87	335	39	111	.331
Wright, Chicago	61	205	33	67	.327
Spence, Wash.	96	403	62	131	.325

HOME RUNS

AMERICAN		NATIONAL	
Williams, R. Sox	21	Mize, Giants	19
Laabs, Browns	19	Camilli, Dodgers	15
York, Tigers	14	Ott, Giants	14
DiMaggio, Yanks	14		
Keller, Yanks	14		

RUNS BATTED IN

AMERICAN		NATIONAL	
Williams, R. Sox	93	Mize, Giants	75
Doerr, Red Sox	69	Medwick, Dodgers	69
Laabs, Browns	69	Elliott, Pirates	62

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Saturday night—and on the town. The town is Alexandria, La. The street is Lee street, favored amusement center for men of the 761st Tank Battalion, Camp Claiborne. Strolling along here are (l. to r.) Pvt. Thomas Washington, Pvt. Willis Rice and Sgt. Louis Monks.

NIGHT and DAY

Monday morning—and in a tank. Here is Pvt. Willis Rice during business hours. How Pvt. Rice, and many men like him, have been turned into expert Armored Force fighters, is described in an article on pages 8 and 9. There are more pictures, too.

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